

The TATLER

Vol. CXV. No. 1499.

London, March 19, 1930

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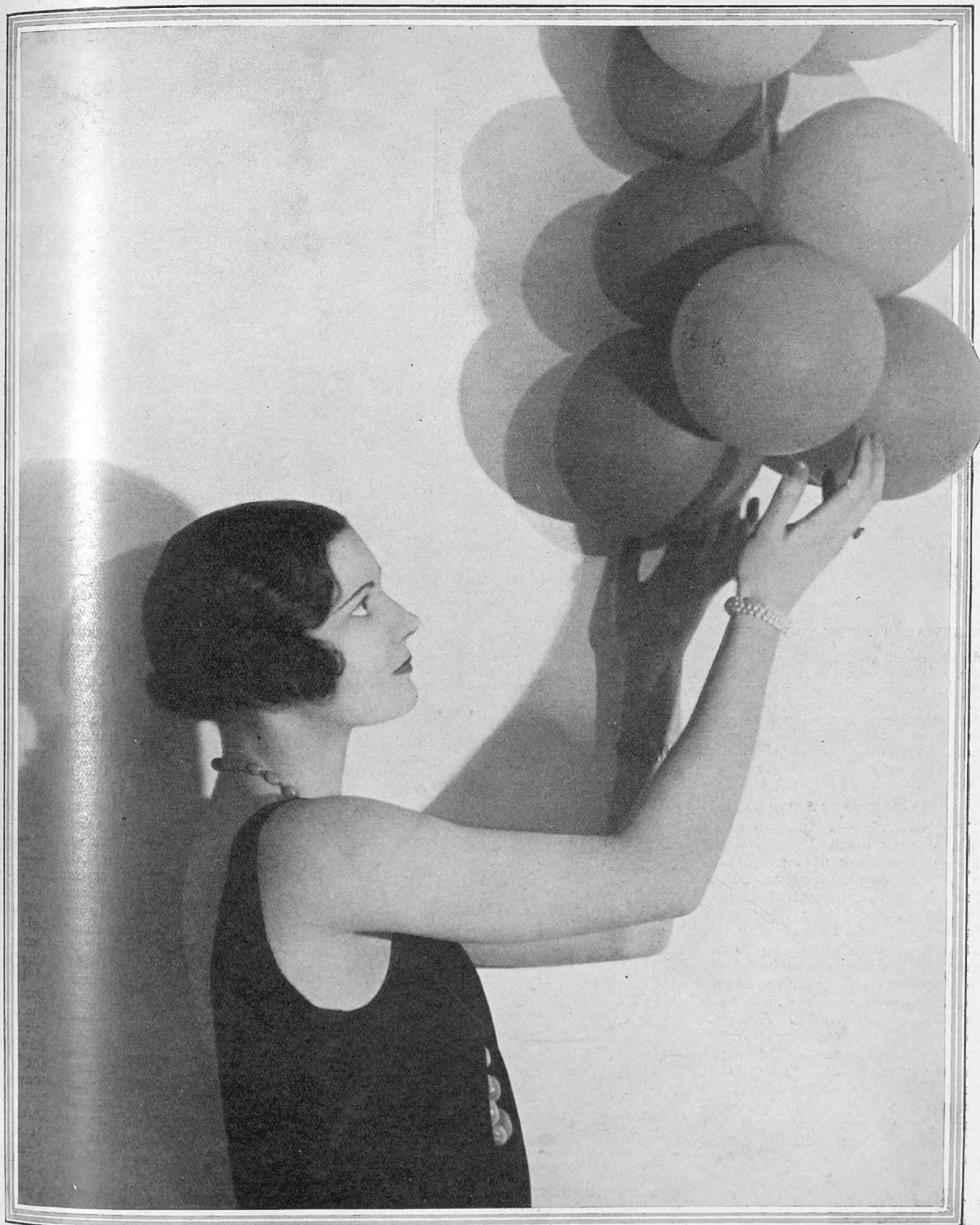
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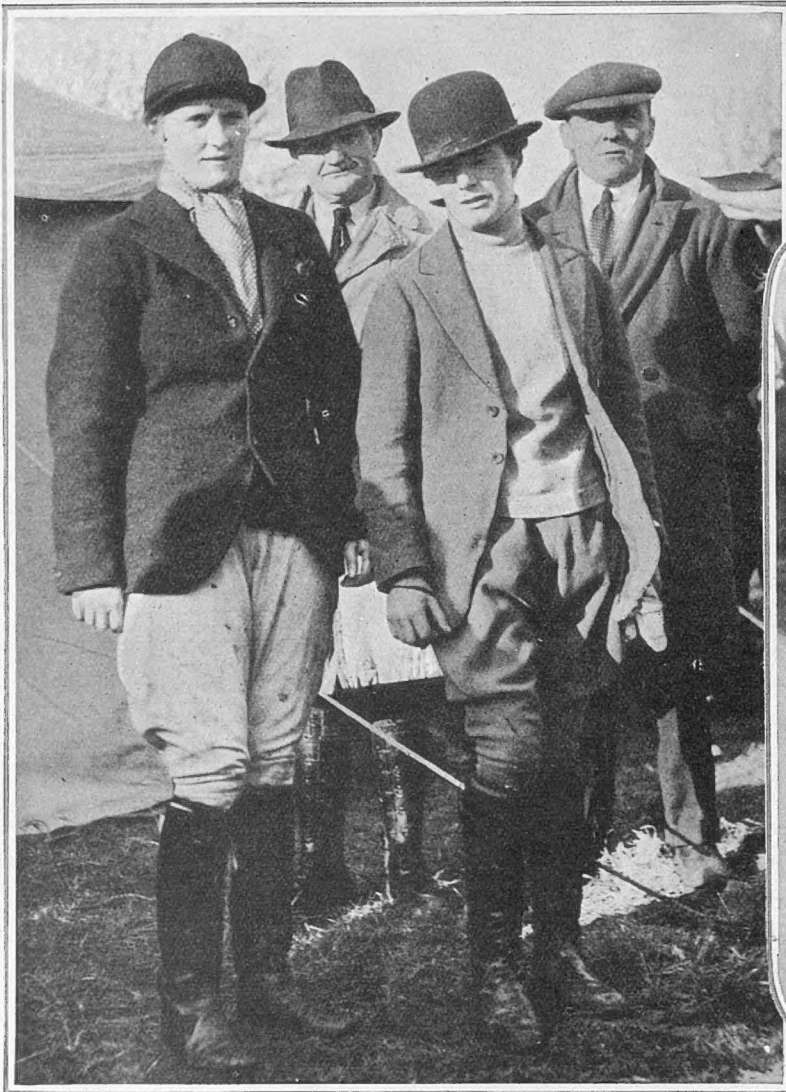
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Yevonde, Victoria Street

MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL (MISS EILEEN BENNETT)

The famous lawn-tennis player, and one of those to whom England looks to bring back the World's Championship on its spindle side to Great Britain. In the Lawn Tennis Association's official ranking list published last November Miss Eileen Bennett, as she then was, tied for second place with Miss Betty Nuthall to Mrs. M. Watson, and the difficulty of dividing them is understandable as there is so little difference in the scores when they meet. The L.T.A. placed Miss Joan Fry and Miss Joan Ridley third—a powerful quintet from amongst which, let us hope, one may be found eventually to defeat the formidable invader from America. Miss Eileen Bennett, as she will always be known to her admiring public, married Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall in November last

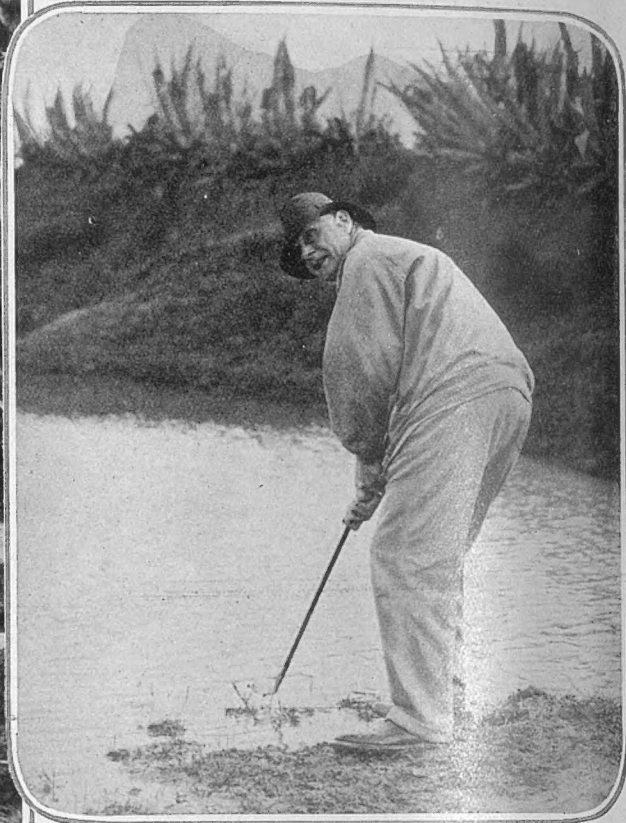


Poole, Dublin

THE WARDS POINT-TO-POINT—MRS. MASTERS AND MISS MURDOCK
Miss Murdock won the Ladies' Race at the Ward Union Point-to-Point, and Mrs. Masters was the runner-up. Both hail from the Tipperary Hunt, and Miss Murdock is a daughter of Captain Robert Murdock of Kilcoran, Cahir, and Mrs. Masters, the daughter of Major Perry, a former Master of the Clonmell Harriers. The Point-to-Point was run over a course at Mullinan, not far from Fairyhouse

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.
DEAREST,—I have not so very much London news this week as I am just off to the west for the Beaufort Point-to-Point, and for the three days of the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham. So I am starting this letter earlier than usual. Up to the moment of writing there has been nothing very startling bar some more political developments which have confused us not a little. And also the news, talked about for some days, and now officially announced, of yet another engagement. That is of Lord Halsbury's young heir, Lord Tiverton, to Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart. And several more, I am told, are imminent, but I will remain discreet.

The lovely spring weather of the last few days (pray heaven the snow is not on the ground when you read this), and the more or less general return of all those who



Chas. E. Brown

MR. WALTER BOWRING ON THE CAMPAMENTO LINKS—GIB.

There is no room on the Rock, of course, for anything bar the scorpions and the troops, so even the Colonial Treasurer has to go to Campamento, a few miles into sunny Spain for his bit of golf



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. KENNETH SHENNAN AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER CLARE

Mrs. Kenneth Shennan is one of the daughters of Major Denis St. G. Daly, Joint Master of the Heythrop, and her husband, Captain Shennan, was in the Blues. Mr. Bowes Daly, Mrs. Shennan's brother, is Master of the Blazers

went far afield to escape January and February, have made London brighten up enormously. I dined at the Embassy the night before I came away, and found half the town congregated there. First I saw Major Philip Gribble and his lovely wife celebrating the completion of his new book which had happened that very morning. They are giving up their house in Cadogan Place and going to live most of the year at Tacolnestone, their place in Norfolk, with only occasional visits to London. At another table were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bendix, who gave a delightful party last Wednesday night for Mr. and Mrs. Gerard D'Erlander and their friends as a farewell for them (the D'Erlanders) before they went off to South Africa. I hated having to miss it on account of Cheltenham, as Dora Maugham and Hutch were there to entertain, and many of London's brightest and best were among the guests.

A very decorative party at the Embassy that night consisted of Sir John and Lady Milbanke, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, and

AT THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE
POINT-TO-POINT

Which were run over a line at Park Farm, Brabourne, near Ashford, Kent. In this group are Colonel Harman and Brigadier General Sir Hereward and Lady Wake. Sir Hereward Wake commands the 162nd East Midland Infantry Brigade. He is Colonel of the 40th, and did very well in the Great War—a C.M.G. and a brevet

LADY BELPER AND MISS SARI
PETRASS

Playing in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golfing Society v. the Ladies' Stage Golfing Society contest over the Addington Links last week. Miss Sari Petrass is the famous Hungarian actress who played lead in "The Sleeping Princess" a bit ago. Lady Belper was formerly Miss Angela Tollemache

Mr. and Mrs. George Metaxa. And one could hardly find a more attractive trio of women than those three. Then there was Lord Molyneux whose father, Lord Sefton, has just got back from South Africa, Captain and Mrs. Dennis Larking, who had arrived the previous night from their villa at Cannes, the Gordon Leiths, and Lady Leon. She and Sir George Leon are giving up the lovely little house in Clarges Street, which belonged to the beautiful Lady Hamilton of Nelson's and Romney's day, and have taken a larger one in Hill Street which they are now busy redecorating and furnishing.

Before leaving London I was shown something really startling in the way of interior decoration. And that is in what is called the Imperial Suite at Grosvenor House. It has been done by Mrs. Clare Fargo Thomas, who is famous for her work, and especially for her mural painting in America. One sitting-room is scarlet and silver. That is the Army room. Scarlet doors, chairs and sofas upholstered in scarlet leather, scarlet lamp-shades, and curtains of scarlet cloth. And walls and ceiling of silver paper, which reflect the red, and with a painting of a Horse Guards parade of the time of 1834 painted along one whole side. It is a most beautifully executed copy of an old print. The other sitting-room—the Navy room—is mostly blue and silver, with a wall-long picture of Greenwich Hospital and barge-loads of bluejackets rowing along the Thames. It is intriguing but hardly restful.

The point-to-points will soon be upon us in full force, and I see that the Meynell are holding theirs next Wednesday, the 26th, which is the same day as the Lincoln. This is always a

MR. T. B. MACLEAN AND TREGENNA COME IT AT THE HIGHLAND
BRIGADE 'CHASES

An incident in the Nomination 'Chase at the Highland Brigade Point-to-Point 'Chases which were run last week at Park Farm, Brabourne, near Ashford. No damage was done in this case luckily

popular meeting, for being in Derbyshire it acts as a half-way house for those devotees of 'chasing who are on their way to Aintree. They tell me that the old course at Ednaston is in capital condition, and as the totalisator is being installed for the meeting there is sure to be a big crowd. I met Sir Ian Walker, whose place, Osmaston, is in the heart of the Meynell country, and over some of whose land the point-to-point is run, in London the other day. He is not up very often during the winter months, but he had come for the pony show where he had been rather conspicuously successful, entering seven ponies and winning eight prizes, including the award for the champion stallion.

The Beaufort Point-to-Point at Leighterton the other day was organized with all his usual efficiency by Captain Maurice Kingscote. He deserves rather special praise this year considering that he is "Master of the Horse" for our English polo team which goes to America in September. Incidentally, he won the Members' Heavy-weight race on Lewcannon, the horse which belongs to his wife. Unfortunately it was a dullish day, so that most of the women were enveloped in mackintoshes, but otherwise everything was perfect and everybody one would expect to be there was there. The Master and the Duchess and his two sisters, Lady Blanche Douglas and

(Continued on p. 510)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Lady Diana Shedden, who was wearing a big cape. Major and Mrs. Keith Menzies and Lady Avice Menzies and Captain and Mrs. Derrick Gunston.

Lord Westmorland was a notable absentee, but among the others to be seen were Lady Sibell Lygon, looking very pretty indeed, Mrs. Hubert Loder, who came with Mrs. Duncan Campbell's big party from Lady's Wood, Lord and Lady Apsley, Lady Mainwaring, and Mrs. Edgar Brassey and her pretty daughter Marjorie, for whom she gave a coming-out dance in London a few nights ago. Two other attractive girls were the cousins, Miss Violet Hibbert and Miss Patsy Crawshay, nieces of Mrs. Fred Cripps. Then there were Baron Frankie de Tuyl, Captain Tommy McDougal, who so gallantly continues to ride and to race after his bad accident, and made a great effort in the Buck's Club and Inter-Clubs' Race, eventually won by Major Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby, and Lord Portarlington, who came with Captain and Mrs. Alex McBean.

The McBeans gave a wonderfully good party that night at Owlpen, their beautiful Georgian house on the borders of the Beaufort country, which is ideal for entertaining. Especially the one-panelled room where we danced to the Embassy band, for it made a good background for the women and the hunt coats. Our hostess looked lovely in a trailing flowered chiffon frock, and others who looked specially attractive were the Duchess of Beaufort, who was wearing a little coat of rose-coloured velvet, Mrs. Keith Menzies, and Mrs. Hubert Loder and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote both in black tulle. Most of the people who I have mentioned as being at the point-to-point were there too, including Lady Blanche Douglas and Lady Diana Shedden, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Lady Avice Menzies, the Gunstons, Lord and Lady Apsley, and Lord Erne—and all the pretty girls; champagne and caviare were flowing till nearly four o'clock, but everyone turned up looking bright and smart at the meet next morning at the Hare and Hounds.

The Cheltenham meeting on Tuesday started in marvellous cold, bright weather, which made that lovely course look at its very best. I have never seen such a big crowd on the first day, and I suppose that it was the prospect of the duel between Easter Hero and Gib which was the main attraction. Easter Hero was certainly the hero of the day; he was mobbed afterwards in the paddock, and was really about the best-looker of the day. None of the women, who were mostly wearing the tight-fitting little knotted caps, were looking quite their best I thought. It was hard to spot everyone in the crowd, but I saw the Duke of Gloucester, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, wrapped in a sable coat,

Sir Mathew Wilson, and Miss Monica Sheriffe, Mrs. Keith Menzies too and her two brothers, Sir Humphrey and Mr. Raymond de Trafford, Miss Isolde Grosvenor, and Lady Robert Manners.

Lady Blanche Douglas and Lady Diana Shedden and her husband, and most of the celebrities of the Beaufort country were there, too, including the Maurice Kingscotes. I saw Mr. Frank Belleville too, with his son Tony, Sir Richard Cruise and his wife, Captain Tommy McDougal and Lord Valentia, Miss Rosario Scrope, Mr. Herbert Nell, who remains faithful to his own quite peculiar type of bowler, and Major and Mrs. Graham Clarke, who were with the Nigel Bengoughs. Captain and Mrs. Alex McBean and her sister Miss Nancy Paull, who had several runners at the meeting, were entertaining numbers of friends in their all-too-handy box. I think the best remark of the meeting was made by the woman in the paddock, who looked at Easter Hero after his race and declared that she would now back him for the Gold Cup at Ascot.



Hay Wrightson

LADY ROSABELLE BRAND

Who will be entertaining this season for her daughter, Miss Rose Bingham, who is to be presented at this year's Courts. Lady Rosabelle Brand, who is Lord Rosslyn's elder daughter, married as her first husband Mr. David Bingham, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in 1914. Her second husband, Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand, who was also in the Coldstream, died as the result of a hunting accident

Osmaston, Baron Frankie de Tuyl, the two lovely Lygon sisters, Lady Warrender all in red, and young Miss Rosemary Schweder, who has made something of a name for herself in the Beaufort country.

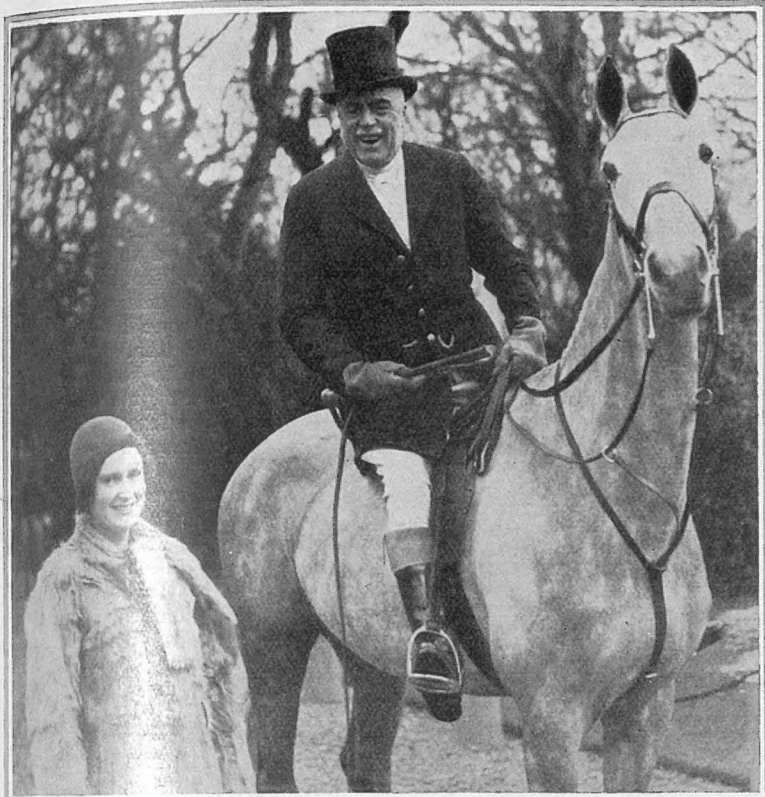


THE IMPERIAL LEAGUE OF OPERA BALL IN GLASGOW

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose and their elder daughter Lady Mary Graham, receiving the guests at this ball, which was held in the Central Hall, Glasgow, last week. The Duchess of Montrose, who was married in 1906, is a daughter of the 12th Duke of Hamilton

I wonder how many people know that Lady Emily Dyke, who lives at Lullingstone Castle, that beautiful Elizabethan place in Kent, is one of the best amateur drummers in the country. Anyhow, those who are going to the *matinée of Marigold*, which Mrs. Stanley Baldwin is organizing for April 1 at St. James's Theatre, will be able to judge for themselves, for she has promised to play in the orchestra. Lady Emily's husband, Sir William Hart Dyke, is nearly ninety-three and was Conservative Whip in Gladstone's time, when women drummers were, perhaps, unusual, to say the least of it. It is a wonderfully sporting effort on her part.—All my love to you, dearest, Yours ever, EVE.

IN SPAIN AND AT HOME



Ian Smith
LORD AND LADY
CHURCHILL AT
MELLERSTAIN



H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE
MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE



WITH THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE: MR. ALISTAIR
MILLER AND HIS SISTER, LADY STANIER



Ian Smith
AT A BUCCLEUCH MEET: LADY HADDINGTON, MISS JEAN
SCOTT, AND MISS MARJORIE SCOTT

A Spanish race meeting was the background for this picture of the Queen of Spain and her sister-in-law, Lady Carisbrooke. The latter has been Her Majesty's guest for the past month or two. Lord Churchill, with whom lies the important decision as to who should or should not be admitted to Ascot's Royal Enclosure, married as his second wife Miss Christine Sinclair. When the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds met at Mellerstain, Lord and Lady Haddington's home, Lady Haddington was, as usual, immaculately turned out. Miss Scott and her sister are the twin daughters of Lord George Scott, and Mr. Miller and Lady Stanier, Sir Alexander Stanier's wife, are the son and daughter of Brigadier-General A. D. Miller, the popular Master of the South Oxfordshire Hounds

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

A Delicate Point

SOME little time ago I was present at one of those luncheon parties at which American film producers are wont to express their aspirations. There was the usual demand for questions, and I ventured to comply with the demand, asking in the civillest manner possible whether the magnate who was entertaining us would not consider the possibility of producing films one grade above the intelligence of the audiences of that sparsely populated but otherwise dense Middle West. "Who's the dam fool?" screamed in a stage whisper a blond ninny sitting by the side of the magnate. The approaching attack of hysterics having been staved off, the magnate rose to his feet and said that he was going to tell a story. He was, he said, peculiarly addicted to music, and had recently taken a young American friend to Covent Garden to see a performance of Wagner's *Ring*. After leaving the opera the young man had turned round and asked the magnate what in hell he had meant by taking him to a joint like that. "So now you know," concluded the magnate, "the type for which I make my films." "In other words," I said, "your intention is to stick to the lowest type of mentality the Middle West affords?" "No, sir," thundered the magnate, "I intend my films to have a noble and purifying influence on the entire human race!" Whereupon the ninny fell upon the bosom of the magnate; the twain, as Mr. Arnold Bennett would say, clung passionately together; the be-lunched looked as though they would like to tear mine from me; and I crept from the Trocadero ignominiously, meeting at the exit my good friend and colleague Mr. E. A. Baughan, who said: "My dear James, when are you going to learn that it is no good talking English to a man who produces in American. Our host sincerely believes he has answered you perfectly."

But the whole matter is an extremely complicated one. On a recent Saturday I found myself in a popular cinema. The first film was a ridiculous affair about the South Seas. I settled down to enjoy this, for there is nothing I like better, only to find that the story declined into foolishness concerning the prudery of of an American tourist-party visiting the islands. On the evening in question this film was received by a crowded house with open derision. Now comes the crux of the whole matter. Do film audiences ever bother about what they are going to see at any particular cinema? Or do they choose a house and stick to it, and go whatever the fare? Does the popular audience, after being enchanted by *White Shadows*, decide to continue to patronise the house at which it has been enchanted and so give the management a chance to invent and carry through a consistent policy?

Does the audience, after rebelling against the silliness of a particular film, follow up that rebellion by looking more carefully into the fare held out to it as next-week's bait? The supposed South Seas picture was followed by *The Sky Hawk*, promised us as a thrilling drama of the air, but which, as to four-fifths of it, confined itself to the hankerings of some American film-star after the hand and heart of a young nobleman who had enlisted in the British Air Force. The young fellow, ordered too suddenly to France, had taken an aeroplane to bid his fiancée good-bye, and in returning had crashed. An unusually stupid court-martial decided that he crashed on

purpose in order to avoid being sent to France, and at a quarter-to-eleven it was borne in upon me that this cashiered son of a peer, paralysed in both legs, was destined to tackle, single-handed, in a rejected and stolen aeroplane, a German Zeppelin and destroy it to the American film-star's complete satisfaction. Doubtless the fight was very exciting. But I had been watching the film for over an hour; there is a saturation-point in bosh; it was a quarter-to-eleven, and time, tide, and the closing-hour of public-houses wait for no man. Throughout this tedious piece I again thought I perceived signs of dissatisfaction, just as throughout the performance of *Flight* one had undoubted evidence of the audience's intense satisfaction. And again I wonder whether when the house has become really popular it matters very much what the management puts on. I even

wonder sometimes whether the poorer pictures are not the better liked.

Now I have just seen a film which seems to me to be quite first class. This film is called *The Kiss* and has the following things in its favour. It is produced by Jacques Feyder, who has an admirable film mind and composes every shot beautifully; it is silent, and it gives Greta Garbo, who is in my view by far the best film-actress we have, one of the best parts of her career. The story, briefly, is this. Irene (Greta Garbo) is unhappily married to one Guarry (Anders Randolf). By "unhappily married" I mean just that, and no more. For the husband is presented as a human being and not as some kind of demented orang-outang. Irene is in love with André (Conrad Nagel), but again, reasonably in love. That is to say the two do not climb the Jura Mountains to kiss passionately before dawn but observe the polite manners of renunciatory passion. Then Irene has the misfortune to stumble up against a French Young Woodley, who insists upon kissing her. He is surprised by the husband and is about to have his brains battered out by one of those bronze paper-weights or candlesticks with which every millionaire's table is so conveniently littered. The reader who wants to know more about this story must wait till it is publicly produced. To me *The Kiss* seems to be almost the ideal

film. It is about expensive people, nobody can even post a letter without employing a sixty-horse-power Hispano-Suiza. There is an interesting story admirably told and without a single moment of false sentiment except just at the end, and this only to give Mr. Nagel the chance of proving his sensibility which every film-actor demands. And the whole thing is beautifully acted from start to finish. I regard this film as ideal for the reason that it is just good enough for the sophisticated film-goer, yet not anywhere too good for simple folk. *The Kiss* is, in fact, exactly the kind of film which I had in mind when I rose to ask that question of the film-magnate; I shall await the public showing with the greatest possible interest, for if it fails it will prove very nearly conclusively that no film which is not imbecile can be a success. At the same private I saw *Blotto*, featuring Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, a piece of nonsense which turned out to be neat and undiluted joy from start to finish.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xi



GEORGES CARPENTIER

One of the seventy-seven stars in the mammoth film, "Show of Shows," due at the Tivoli Theatre in the Strand on Monday, March 24. In addition to the "stars" there are one thousand Hollywood beauties, and it is an all-talking, singing, and all-colour production

PLAYS OF THE DAY



Dorothy Wilding

"THE (FOOT)MAN IN POSSESSION": RAYMOND MASSEY AND ISABEL JEANS AT THE AMBASSADORS



Stage Photo Co.

AT THE ALDWYCH: WINIFRED SHOTTER AS CORA MELLISH AND MARY BROUGH AS MRS. DECENT



Stage Photo Co.

RALPH LYNN AS CLIFFORD TOPE AND TOM WALLS AS P.C. MARSDEN IN "A NIGHT LIKE THIS"

The latest Aldwych success, "A Night Like This," once again provides plenty of laughter-making situations which are safe in the practised hands of Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, with Winifred Shotter and Mary Brough to help them. Crooks and a gambling den feature in an ingenious farce which the admirers of Ben Travers will find very much to their taste. H. M. Harwood's new comedy, "The Man in Possession," though it would hardly appeal to the prudish, is a vastly amusing entertainment, full of quips, and brilliantly acted. This scene is from Act II where Raymond (Mr. Massey), the bad lad of a respectable family, is the bailiff's man in possession of the house of Crystal Weatherby (Isabel Jeans), and has put on livery to wait at a party consisting of his parents and brother Paul, to whom this fascinating "lady in seduced circumstances" is engaged

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

THIS week's summery weather has been pleasant for riding about and excellent for the figure, but with the exception of last Monday from Widmerpool scent has been poor. From "The Curate" hounds raced down the hill over the Hickling road into the vale as if for Sherbrooke's, but turning left-handed ran on into Kaye Wood. This was the best of it, and they could then only pick their way back to Kent's Spinney. Saturday night saw possibly the best party there has ever been, a joint affair between Hilda, Bob, and Charlotte in fancy dress, the *clou* of the evening being the avalanche of plates dropped down the stairs by two slatternly maids in the persons of Eileen and Myrtle. Charlie seemed to spend most of the evening disguised as a *sans culotte*, and a good many property articles were found in them when we got home. It is good news to hear that Gordon has come forward to help the Belvoir anyway through next season, and that Charles and his huntsman are stopping on. Sir Harold Nutting comes on as joint with the Quorn, and the Cottesmore remain unchanged, so that all we want is as open a season next year to enjoy a tip-top standard of sport. With the heartfelt wish that we may all summer well and meet again here next season, we bid you *A Dios*.

From the Beaufort

Wednesday's Ash meet at Swallett's Gate produced a good day's sport and a nice hunt over a good country. Tom killing his fox in a barn. There was an enormous crowd at the point-to-point on Thursday. Both Subscribers' Races were very disappointing. What is the definition of "Regularly and Fairly Hunted"? There being no Welsh Guards' race, Keith was done out of his ride. But he is to be congratulated on his win at the Polo Pony Show, which "brought the matter to a head." Buck's Club race was very good and much appreciated, as was their tent. The Open Race was very interesting and quite a high-class event. The winner couldn't "possibly" have been better trained. "Honest sweat earns many pence," but the other sort sometimes more. Both farmers' races were excellent. The regrettable incident of the day occurred in the last race and at the last fence, when Mr. Frank's horse broke his neck and injured his jockey. Major and Mrs. McBean gave a most enjoyable party that night which more than made up for no point-to-point dance. The standard of feminine beauty was high, there being some gems among the guests. Friday's meet at the Hare and Hounds was a great gathering. The man selling love-birds was wasting his time in these parts, and besides, how dangerous with all this parrot's disease about. A most trying day for Master, everyone being over-anxious to have their talking pictures taken, and no one would wait for it! Saturday produced one of the best days of the season, much to the surprise of all, especially those who didn't want to spend the day in Seagry and Draycott. The Sunday hockey season has started again. Tuesday's morning hunt from Stadboro' was the greatest fun.

From Warwickshire

Towards the end of the season a gluttonous appetite seems to come over hunting people; they never lose a chance of jumping a strong fence any more than a confirmed toper turns

from the proffered glass. Thursday at Shuckburgh was one of those days when even the sunshine seems a sad reminder that fox-hunting—the main happiness of life—has to be put away and other occupations sought for the coming months. This is probably why the sharp little gallop to Marston Doles and back to the starting point was so greatly appreciated, likewise the evening hunt from Welch Road Gorse to Ufton Wood. "The folks that ride a bit of blood may break a bit of bone," says the poet, and this week falls have been more numerous than usual. Alatheia fell on her head, Joscelyn put her shoulder out, Richard somersaulted with cat-like agility, while one victim, after collecting hat, veil, and hair from opposite directions, sat upon a mole heap and reconstructed an admirable toilette with the greatest sang-froid. Iso's fall on the flat was of a more serious nature, and sent one and all home full of concern and cursing at her rotten luck. The day at the Highlands broke no records but was by no means uneventful; three nice gallops were scored from Salmond's, Mullen's Gorse, and later from Wigginton Heath,

but the dust was flying on the arable land, a sure reminder that spring is nearly here and the season drawing to its close. Hounds have done very well; only upon four occasions have those cruel bugbears, frost and fog, interfered with hunting, and fully fifty brace of foxes have been accounted for. Lord Willoughby must be pleased indeed to look back upon such consistent good sport during what everyone hopes is but the first of many seasons of a happy and successful Mastership.

From the Belvoir

The long-continued dry weather has affected scent unfavourably, and sport has suffered in consequence. On Wednesday from Sproxton the big field had a pleasant day's sport without any outstand-

ing hunt. Hounds hunted nicely for over an hour from Coston Covert and covered a lot of country between Buckminster, Coston, and Woodwell Head without, however, scent being good enough to let them run hard. On Friday the dog hounds, hunted by Mr. Tonge, killed a brace of foxes in Kirkby Underwood, and had a moderate hunt after another from Folkingham Gorse. An enormous field turned out on Saturday at Colston Bassett, the reason being that the Cottesmore were not hunting, so most of their regular followers came over for a day with the Belvoir. As so often happens when an extra big field is out and one particularly wants to show good sport it proved to be an almost scentless day, and hounds could only walk after their foxes. There will be no improvement till we get some rain. Rumour has it that the problem of the mastership for next year has been satisfactorily solved.

From the Fernie

There was a flutter amongst the boys at Nevill Holt School, one time the home of Sir Bache Cunard, a former Master of the pack, on Saturday, March 1, when hounds met there for the first time for twenty years. Needless to say the budding Nimrods were all out on foot to welcome the pack. Earl Beatty had a busy time signing autograph books. Short running foxes kept the field in action round about Wardley Wood, where the day ended. Monday at Kilby was reminiscent of summer-time; hunting kit felt oppressive, and riders looked decidedly florid after

(Continued on p. vi)



THE COTSWOLD MASTERS

Rear-Admiral F. A. Marten and Mr. A. Mitchell, who are joint O.C.'s this famous pack. Mr. Mitchell is the Senior Master, as the Admiral only came on at the beginning of the season

Dennis Moss

THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING

Cheltenham's Gallery



LADY AMY BIDDULPH AND
(right) THE HON. MILDRED FOLEY



MRS. YERBURGH AND LORD GOUGH



MISS NELL WARD (left)
AND LADY WARRENDER



LADY MARY LYGON AND
(right) MISS DIANA COVENTRY



LORD AND LADY GLANUSK
AND MRS. MASSEY (right)



LADY JAFFRAY (left) AND LADY
PENRHYN, BOTH BIEN, MISE

With such an important event in prospect as the meeting of Easter Hero and Gib in the Gold Cup, an unusually large crowd turned up on Cheltenham's opening day, and most people hurried to have a look at the star contestants as soon as they appeared in the paddock. Easter Hero's victory was tremendously popular, though everyone regretted that the fight was robbed of a thrilling finish by Gib falling at the penultimate fence where he seemed to take off a shade too soon. Mr. "Jock" Whitney's horse took risks with the first two obstacles, but afterwards fenced perfectly. Except for a few passing snowflakes the day was fine, but those who had provided themselves with warm outfits did not regret it. Lady Amy Biddulph, Lord Biddulph's daughter-in-law, was sensibly shod in Newmarket boots, while Lady Mary Lygon, looking prettier than ever, had brought her socks for a day's racing. Lady Warrender, in an attractive shade of green, was with Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward's daughter. Lady Glanusk is Lady Eva Dugdale's daughter, and Lady Jaffray is the wife of Sir William Jaffray of Skilts, and hunts with the North Warwickshire. Lady Penrhyn was the Hon. Sybil Hardinge before her marriage

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

A Very Promising First Novel.

SOMETIMES I wonder if good husbands make indifferent wives, simply because the usual human reaction to goodness is to respect it and then to take advantage of it. At any rate it is a curious fact in life that the perfect wife usually has a severe handicap of a husband, and the



MISS MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(On left) Who is now one of the women contributors to the "Daily Chronicle," which has now come out in a new and greatly improved guise. Miss Mollie Panter-Downes' first, "The Shoreless Sea," was written at the age of sixteen and showed promise for a brilliant future



MISS JANE DOE

(On right) Another of the recent acquisitions to the newly-constructed "Daily Chronicle's" staff of clever women writers. Miss Jane Doe tackles the many problems which face women in their workaday life

perfect husband usually gets saddled with the kind of woman who needs slapping at once and very hard. Perhaps, on the whole, the good woman with an indifferent partner has the better time of it. A woman has lots of consolations. Her home, her children, her religion—if she has any. But a man who, after a long day's work, has to face a nagging wife, or one who is extravagant, or who demands perpetual entertainment, or who is domestically incompetent; who is, in fact, worse than any stranger everlasting in the house—his is indeed a miserable existence; since even though a wife may force her husband to leave her he is still bound to keep her. These, however, are only extreme cases. Usually the selfish partner predominates in all marriages, the unselfish one has to do the best he or she can. In marriage there invariably seems to be one who always gives and one who always takes, with or without thanks. Isabelle Follette, the heroine of an exceptionally promising first novel, "The Noble Error" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), by Mabel L. Tyrrell, being brought up by a "taker" by necessity, Fate of course gave her a "giver" for a husband. Isabelle's grandmother, Lady Bridgewater, who brought her up, was one of those women who frequent the Riviera and try to live on the fat of the land at somebody else's expense. Isabelle, growing to womanhood in such an atmosphere, married of course James Follette, because she knew he was rich, and because, without asking herself awkward questions, she felt it would be unbusinesslike not to love him. She did love him later on—but only after she had been unfaithful to him with a handsome "bounder." Then it was too late however. James was dead. And this may give you a slight idea of the plot of this cleverly-written novel. Its chief claim to distinction is that every single one of the characters is interesting. From the dominating bed-ridden Mrs. Follette, who was determined if she could to break up her only son's marriage with the grand-daughter of a woman whose name was surrounded by scandal, to the pathetic figure of Atilda Follette, whose individual life had been crushed out of her by her strong-willed mother, until, verging on middle age, she revolted and married a man who, even though she did not love him, loved her—and that, after a certain period of life, is very much the next best thing—all the people of the story are

individual, distinctive, alive. The plot, too, moves easily, is interesting, and well worked out. The publishers call the book a "discovery." To a great extent it is. It is at least worth a whole cartload of that fictional "junk" with which we are usually deluged at this or any other season of the year. It is a novel you should not miss. It is very well worth reading.

Thoughts from "The Noble Error."

"A person without mystery is devoid of interest. Uncertainty is the breath of life."

"On the woman's side a sympathetic understanding is a thousand times better than blind love which expects the impossible and is doomed to disappointment."

"Life is such a simple thing; but people complicate it with their strange ideas, their hates, their fears, their foolish little prejudices. Funny you can't live without bringing a crowd of other people's sensibilities into action."

"A woman who lives in a hat either has something to hide or has fallen into a rut."

"The tremendously great things are always sudden even if you've anticipated them for years."

A Patchy yet Curiously Interesting Novel.

"Love Town" (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.), by Riccardo Bacchelli, translated excellently by Orlo Williams, struck me as being interesting yet unsatisfactory. It rather reminded me of the work of a man who had begun at least six novels, but was unable to continue any one of them, consequently linked them all together by one or two human characters who yet seem so outside most of the story that they might as well be the *compères* of a revue. We begin in New York in the studio of a man called Eustachius Vandenpeereboom. We are then switched off to France during the period when the American soldiers were really in the War. There follows a brief love idyll between Vandenpeereboom and the wife of a canal lock-keeper which is so charming, so beautifully written, so restrained, and yet so vivid, that it delighted me. Alas! Immediately one is again switched off somewhere else. This time to the Italian front, where there are some masterly descriptions of a temporary retreat. The chief character in this part of the book is a soldier called De Nada. A charming woman, Cecchina by name, takes the heroine's place formerly occupied by the lock-keeper's wife. These two characters, De Nada and Cecchina, continue well to the front for the rest of the book; yet, strangely enough, only as observers. Action is carried on by a certain Dr. Gervasio Piscivino, who, buying an island off the coast of Texas, founds thereon a colony of men and women whose only qualification is that they must be worshippers at the shrine of Love, no matter what usual or unusual form the worship may take. At this moment the story almost leaves off being a story at all and becomes a conducted tour by Piscivino for the benefit of De Nada and Cecchina round the colony, describing in full detail the peculiarities of the inhabitants and the odd forms their various sex-habits take, though they be enacted under a new and ultra-modern title. The result of all this is that the only two people who are really lovers cannot live in this colony of Love. Therefore they bid it a cold farewell. And on this gesture the story ends. It has been interesting—at least it interested me, though I can well imagine some



Raphael

THE BARONESS CARLA JENSSSEN

The beautiful daughter of the late Baron Jenssen and the authoress of an interesting book, "I Spy," being a recouital of her own activities when acting as what is politely called an "agent" for the British Intelligence Department. The Baroness Carla Jenssen is only twenty-seven but has been twice round the world during her adventures

(Continued on p. 515)

THE ARTIST'S MODEL

By George Belcher



"Cook, will you please go down on your hands and knees for a moment?"

"What for, my dear?"

"'Cos I want to draw an elephant."

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

people being thoroughly bored by it; yet it leaves a feeling of dissatisfaction behind it as of something patchy and unfinished, and one part meaningless—half novel, half fantasy, half an imaginary sociological experiment. The whole treated rather heavily, though this may be due to translation.

A Tariff Map.

Some of the biggest experiences in our lives often are the outcome of trivial, often ignored, beginnings. And so, in his book, "Tariff Walls: A European Crusade" (Murray. 7s. 6d.), Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, M.P., tells us that the idea for creating a concrete map of the tariff walls of Europe came to him in bed one night after reading an article in "The Times" on the post-War European situation. From this night of interested wakefulness came the whole idea of the subsequent experiment. It has been carried through with extraordinary accuracy. The map itself has been made to several scales. One covered nearly forty square feet and took forty minutes to assemble. The Governor of the Bank of England was the first to see and approve of the map. Since then it has been shown in most of the capitals of Europe, and apparently has been welcomed by Protectionists as well as Free Traders to prove their own case! One of the difficulties the map's creator had to encounter was the suspicion abroad that his work was a bit of British propaganda. To avoid this he tells us that he never visited any town unless on the formal invitation from some responsible body. The only exception was at Geneva, whither he took the map uninvited because he felt that it would "have quite as good if not a better effect on the Delegates themselves than most of the oratory to which they would be invited to listen." Which I dare say turned out to be quite true! Whether Europe will be converted on the evidence of the map is doubtful. Even Sir Clive Morrison-Bell seems to doubt it. But that it will make the curse or blessing of tariff walls visible both to the eye of those who believe in Protection and those who swear by Free Trade is a certainty. Thus it may help the crusade. At any rate, with the advent of the new political party, the question for the British Empire anyway must soon come to a head. Nothing could land us in much worse straits than the one in which we seem to be encountering at present. That's why so many people are joining it I believe.

The Outward Humdrum.

Jakob Schaffner's novel, "The Wisdom of Love" (Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.), is a much better novel than its somewhat mawkish title seems to promise. In many respects it is a remarkable story. If only for the character of the woman whose husband falls in love with her own niece, the book would stand out as a fine achievement. Her calm reasonableness, face to face with this heart-breaking catastrophe, is described with a sympathy and understanding which attains sheer beauty. Yet the novel itself does not deal with people who to all outward appearances are cast in the heroic mould. For the most part they belong to two *petit bourgeois* families whose ideals are simply peace and a petty outward respectability. People you might pass in any crowded street, and looking at them imagine that

they led humdrum, uninteresting, ponderously worthy kinds of lives. The drama, too, of the story is simply the drama of an illicit love affair between a youngish middle-aged man, ardent, selfish, unimaginative, except in his passionate visions, and a girl who, drawn irresistibly towards the animal in him, loathes herself, yet cannot escape from the temptation which is the man's sensual attraction. But they are the details which go to make up this familiar story which raise the book so much above the average. These things and, as I wrote above, the character-drawing of the wife and of her love which could triumph over the insults to the flesh and attain a grandeur of self-sacrifice that became at last part of the life of her spirit. True some of the scenes seem fantastic, but I cannot say if they really be so, not knowing the types which go to make up lower middle-class German society and their apparently extraordinary social behaviour! These scenes however matter little. It is the creative force of the whole which makes the story notable and memorable. The translation, except for a few most curious phrases, such as "making an upstir" and "disappointed expectation" (whatever that may mean), is a good one. At no moment is it more like a restitution from some foreign language, as too many translations appear to their readers.

A First-rate Thriller.

There is, however, nothing even outwardly humdrum about the lives led by the characters in Mr. Harry Edmonds' story, "The North Sea Mystery" (Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.), which is the best thriller I have read for months. So to speak, it begins on a nerve-test and the test continues crescendo until the final chapter. If the adjective breathless were not such a cliché, as applied to stories of this kind, I would use it at once, for breathless it certainly is. Breathless and gripping. The plot begins

on the first page, as in such a story as this it should. Harry Nicholls, formerly officer in the Naval Intelligence Department and now at a loose-end, received one morning while in France contemplating enlistment in the Foreign Legion a message from London which ran: "We earnestly beg and pray you to come immediately to London. We consider you possess certain knowledge acquired during the War which may help us to avert what we think may develop into a terrible disaster to the British Empire." Thereat he returns home at once, is received in a private room of a West-end hotel by a mysterious individual calling himself Mr. Budd, and there finds himself in company with a few other men who, as he, have been collected specially to work together and to unravel a German plot engineered by Russia against England which, if successful, would bring this country to her knees in a few days. The means whereby this tragedy would be effected are not, we are assured, beyond the bounds of actual possibility. This makes the story infinitely more exciting. You see, it might turn out to be true one day. Seldom have I read more thrilling chapters than those which describe how Nicholls and his companions visited the lonely and mysterious coast of the island of Neufuhr, the gigantic conspiracy they unearthed there, and the miraculous escape they had from an appalling death.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxx of this issue

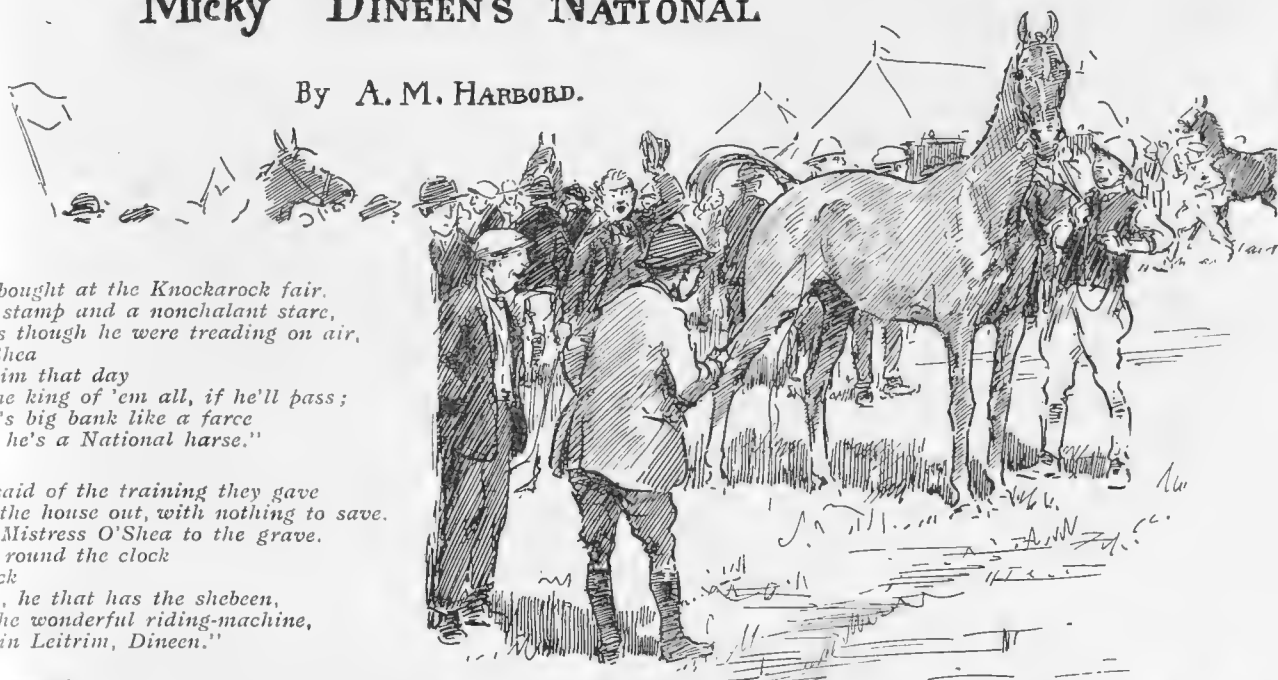


"The only man I don't like is the bad loser"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I rarely play with any sort of loser"

Micky DINEEN'S NATIONAL

By A. M. HARBORD.



The chestnut was bought at the Knockarock fair.
He'd a quality stamp and a nonchalant stare,
And he swaggered as though he were treading on air,
And Patrick O'Shea
When he tried him that day
Said "Faith, he's the king of 'em all, if he'll pass;
He threat'd O'Reilly's big bank like a farce
Begannies, me buck, he's a National horse."

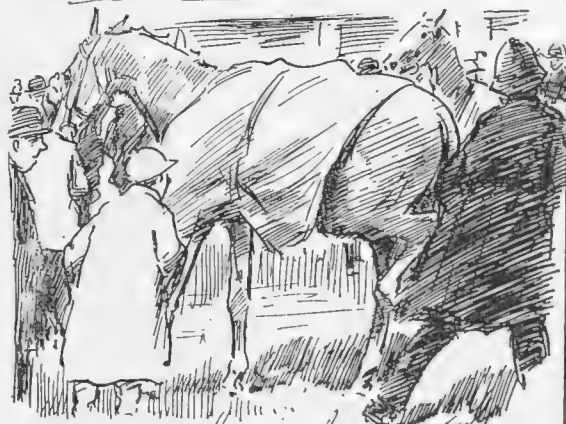
Now what shall be said of the training they gave
When the horse ate the house out, with nothing to save.
He starved poor old Mistress O'Shea to the grave.
How they talked round the clock
In selecting a jock
Till O'Sullivan John, he that has the shebeen,
Said "I'll tell you the wonderful riding-machine,
The crabbeddest felly in Leitrim, Dineen."



At Aintree they had him as fit as a flea.
He would eat all was in it, he'd fly up a tree.
As he kicked a policeman "Begob, but he's free!"
Says O'Sullivan John,

"Mick, ye'd better be on.
Go lucky, me bucko, 'tis you has the art
For to ride 'em and hold 'em an' now, 'fore ye start,
I will just give ye something to rise up ye're heart."

Now O'Sullivan John and his wife's cousin Pat
They had both their new clothes, they had each a new hat;
With the sticks that was in it, cigars and all that
They went up on the stand
Looking wonderful grand.
Says Pat: "Do ye think in that crowd Mick'll waken?"
Says John: "I do not, it's not him will be shaken.
He's bould as a bull when he has a dhrop taken."



"Ye omadhawn, Johnnie," says Pat, "do ye mean
That ye gave him a bracer?" "I do; 'twill be seen;
'Twas no more than my part, since I have the shebeen."
Says Pat with a sigh
And a tear in his eye:

"Ye've done for us, Johnnie, ye meant to be kint
But I gave him a nip that would hearten a gi'nt,
A glass is his need, can he carry a pint?"

He was coming at Valentine's steady and fair,
Said Micky Dineen as they rose in the air
"Oh, the murtherin' paygans, there's two finces there!"
And then as he reckoned
They shot through the second.
"Begob!" says Dineen, "that's the closest of calls;
He's right through the fince and bedam if he falls.
My faith! He's as hard as the dome of St. Paul's!"

But Tragedy waited beside Becher's Brook,
For Micky was thoughtful on taking a look;
It was big as a belfry and black as a rook.
To add to the trouble
It looked like a double.

"It doesn't look low an' it doesn't look sof'.
I will hit him a pelt, he might fall in the trough."
So he got up his whip—missed the horse and FELL OFF.





AT BEAULIEU

Count Frolich, Princess Lopkovic, and Lord Charles Hope on the Hôtel Bristol Courts, where plenty of friendly tennis contests as well as tournaments take place

ing dip each day on the Sunshine Plage, and there are rows of sun-bathers who lie peacefully browning in the sunshine, and seem quite oblivious of everything else. There has been a great deal going on, and I went to a wonderful gala performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, where that famous composer, Mascagni, conducted magnificently, and where the artists from the Scala, at Milan, gave a truly wonderful rendering. I never saw such a crowded house or such a very brilliant audience. Practically everyone present was a celebrity of some sort, and I saw, of course, the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia with Princess Nicholas of Greece and her daughters. Then there was the Duchess de Vendôme and the ex-King and Queen of Portugal (he, by the way, has been winning very handsomely at the big baccarat table just lately, and is always to be seen in his usual seat in the afternoon session).

Princess Ghika, Princess Karageorgvitch, with Sir Sydney and Lady Nettleton, Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, Lord Queenborough, Mr. and Mrs. Clews, Sir Aylmer Haldane, and Miss Amy Paget, were only a very few of the countless people I noticed. Everyone went on to the baccarat rooms afterwards, where I saw Commander Grahame-White, who is just back from London, plus a most beautiful motor-car which he brought out as a present for his wife.

She has been in wonderful form just lately, and at their latest cocktail party on the yacht (where, by the way, they had the most excellent buffet lunch and a really amusing impromptu cabaret show), she gave some marvellous imitations, and also danced in a way which any eighteen-year-old might envy.

This week has been full of weddings, and really the two happy couples could not possibly have chosen more delightful weather for their respective wedding days. There was a very big crowd at the Royal Memorial Church to see Miss Cynthia Nettleton (daughter of Sir Sydney Nettleton, Chief Justice of Gibraltar) married by the Bishop of Gibraltar, to Mr. Graeme Bentlif of Jersey; two small grand-daughters of Lord and Lady Trent were amongst the many bridesmaids, and after the ceremony everyone went on to a huge reception at Springland, the Trents' lovely villa, which was literally overflowing with guests. The Aga Khan and his wife were of course present, and I saw

Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER, — I have been in Cannes for the last few days, where the glorious warm weather has made the whole place very spring-like and lovely; quite a lot of regulars take their morn-

Lady Yule (who as usual is working hard for her animals, and is getting up a special matinée in aid of the Union Protectrice des Animaux, of which excellent institution she was one of the founders).

The other wedding, which took place quietly at Mont Chevalier attracted a lot of interest, for the bride was no less a person than Miss Alice Trudeau, the pretty dark-haired daughter of Lady Lavery, who married Mr. John McHenry of Waterford, Ireland. Sir John Lavery gave his step-daughter away, and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley (formerly Madame Edwina, the famous singer), was one of the witnesses. There was a very cheery luncheon-party afterwards at the Beausite Hotel, where I saw Mr. and Mrs. Stephen McKenna, Lord and Lady Derby, and Sir Alan and Lady Johnstone. Afterwards the bride, looking radiantly happy, left with her bridegroom for Morocco, where the first part of the honeymoon is being spent.

This week there are some very important competitions going on at Mougins, and both the Duke of Connaught and the Duchess de Vendôme cups are being played for. I spent a very charming afternoon in Nice on my way back to Monte Carlo, where I attended the last Battle of Flowers and really could not help enjoying the wonderful display of beautifully-decorated giant "chars" and carriages. What the whole thing must have cost is almost frightening to realize when one thinks that it costs 10 milles (£80) to decorate even the most ordinary-looking carriage with quite ordinary flowers. Most of the prize-winning cars are one mass of violets and carnations, while even the most costly orchids are used as lavishly as if they were daisies. However, it must be all good for trade, and my only real regrets are for the lovely things fading so quickly and so much beauty being wasted.

This week at Monte Carlo is a very full one, and there is great excitement over the gala dinner on Sunday at the Paris, where everything will be moulded on the fashions of a year ahead, and the big charity tableaux vivantes, in which all the loveliest women on the Riviera are taking part, so it is said.

There are some wonderful prizes being given in the big tombola at the gala dinner for the French soldiers blinded in the War, and one has the chance of winning almost anything from a motor-car, a very costly evening dress, a police dog, or a panatrope (the last-named items being given by Mr. Kingsley McComber). Mrs. Berry Walls is working very hard on the committee, and Madame Balsan and Mr. McComber are also members, so I feel sure that it will be a very successful evening.

There are a lot of newcomers expected at Monte Carlo; amongst them Dame Clara Butt, who is at present in South Africa, but is leaving almost immediately. I motored over to Mentone to watch the tennis, for the tournament players have all migrated there this week, and I found William Tilden playing as indefatigably as ever, while little Fräulein Aussem (who is quite the best-dressed and the most charming of girl players out here) is playing so well that she looks like carrying off innumerable "pots" and championships at the end of the week.—Yours, CAROLINE.



ENGLAND V. FRANCE

Miss Joy Cunningham (left) and Mlle. Rose Berthet, the Junior Champions of their respective countries, photographed before their match. The result was a victory for France by 6-2, 6-2



CATCH AS CATCH CAN

Miss Wrey keeping her eye on the ball in one of the events at the very amusing gymkhana held recently on the Mandelieu Polo ground near Cannes

The Busy Society Camera



LADY TICHBORNE

A recent portrait of the charming wife of Sir Joseph Tichborne, who is at present on the Riviera. Lady Tichborne left on a short visit to America not long ago. Before her wedding in 1913 Lady Tichborne was Miss Denise Greville, and is the daughter of Lieut. Colonel Harry Greville, who is a kinsman of the Earl of Warwick



MADAME WELLINGTON KOO

The wife of the well-known Chinese diplomat, Mr. Wellington Koo, who was for many years Chinese Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Whilst they were in London their Excellencies were extremely popular in Society, and entertained very largely, and were badly missed when Mr. Wellington's Koo's term of office came to an end. Events in the political world in China were not then as disturbed as they are at the present moment and have been for some time past

Photographs by
Dorothy Wilding,
Old Bond Street



ARGENTINA

A curious study of the famous Spanish dancer painted by the Comte Arbortoque in Saigon. On the eve of her return to Europe from her Eastern tour, Argentina was struck down by a sharp attack of appendicitis and an immediate operation was ordered. It is good news to learn that she is now on the high road to recovery and expected back in Paris any moment.

HOW I love a circus, Très Cher. Everything about it appeals to me from the very smell of the stables even to the absurdities of the clowns; and of all the circus shows that are to be seen in Paris the one that takes place, at midnight, on March 1 every year, to raise funds for the Union des Artistes, which provides pensions and homes for unfortunate members of "the" profession, thrills me the most . . . even though the performers are, in a certain sense, amateurs.

The Cirque d'Hiver is always gorgeously decorated for the event; this year it was Jaccopozzi himself who saw to the illuminations. The cheapest seats cost the price of a Grand Opera box, and the programme is composed of "stars" from various theatres who, "on this occasion only," appear in the guise of acrobats, jugglers, bare-back riders, or tumblers. . . . Amusing buffoonery part of the time, of course, but also strenuous, hard work. When a Gaby Morley learns to walk on the tight wire, or a Spinelly does acrobatic poses on the shoulders of a professional bare-back rider while his horse canters round the ring . . . one may be certain that weeks of rehearsal have gone into the preparation of that little *tour de force*.

This year a young actor, José Nogaro, performed on the horizontal bar with quite professional daring, and André Baugé, who created Messager's *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and is actually singing "lead" in *New Moon* at the Châtelet, thrilled us to the very marrow by hauling himself, hand over hand, up the rope to a trapeze, where he performed high above the arena without the saving presence of even a thick mat. Victor Boucher fooled delightfully, accompanied by a "family" of well-known actresses, as Colonel Riffle, sharp-shooter, while Pauley—of *Topaze* fame—was the leader of an amusing orchestra of twenty-four (mouth-) organists! Sacha Guitry and Yvonne

Priscilla in Paris

Printemps, back from their holiday on the Riviera, were in a box, and later Sacha came down into the ring in order to conduct the auction of the MSS., and the originals of the drawings reproduced in a very gorgeous programme that was sold—at half-a-guinea a copy—by some of the prettiest actresses in Paris. This little interlude added another 35,000 francs to the 600,000 francs realised by the sale of the entrance tickets. Not so bad for one night's performance, *n'est ce pas?* M. Louis Aubert, the French film magnate, who acquired these originals, struck a pretty good bargain, for they were signed by such writers as Colette, Tristan Bernard, André Maurois, Comtesse de Noailles, Sacha Guitry, and Henri de Regnier; such artists as Forain, Sem, Van Dongen, Marie Laurencin, Vertès, Pascin, Cappiello, and (again) Sacha Guitry.

The Union des Artistes is quite a powerful organisation in France, and a most useful one. Its monthly magazine proves good reading for those who are interested in matters theatrical. It is, above all, helpful to the more obscure and poorer members of the profession; it safeguards their interests, it advises and helps them in ways innumerable, not only in Paris and the important provincial towns, but in the tiniest villages that even the poorest barn-stormers may be called upon to visit. In the last issue of this "Bulletin" I was amused to read that

touring companies are warned that at Nivelles the hotel and lodging-house keepers all refuse to "take in" theatrical folk! Not from any reason of *morale*, Très Cher, but merely because, early to rise, the *Nivellois* are also early to bed, and object, therefore, to sit up for late-comers! I doubt whether the strictest New England village could better this, do you?

What apity that the custom of "dressing up" for *le Mardi Gras* is becoming so absolutely a thing of the past in Paris. This year Shrove Tuesday was mild and gloriously sunny, the theatres and streets and open-air cafés were packed with holiday-makers, but only here or there were little toddling children disguised in Carnival



MLLE. DIANA OF PARIS!

And more particularly of the Casino de Paris, the Marigny, and Folies Wagram. Diana, as befits her name, is keen on every kind of sport, especially lawn tennis, and did not miss one day on the Central Court of the Stade Roland Garros during the Davis Cup last summer. She is a very lovely blonde in colouring

A MELODY OF MOTION À LA Russe



Edmund Harrington, New Bond Street

ALICE NIKITINA AND SERGE LIFAR IN THE "1930 REVUE"

Nikitina and Lifar, in new ballets, and dancing more superbly than ever, are two of the delights which Mr. Cochran has in store for London when he brings his "1930 Revue" south after its rapturous reception in Manchester. These enchanting Russians are seen here in "The Freaks," for which Lord Berners has written the music, and they will also appear in "Night," with music by Sauguet. The former is in the Boutique Fantastique manner, while the latter has a more complex symbolism, but both ballets have their own particular charm. In Mr. Cochran's latest proof of supreme showmanship Beverley Nichols is entirely responsible for the outstandingly amusing book



LADY MARY GROSVENOR AND GENERAL J. E. B. SEELY

WITH THE ROYAL CALPÉ
HOUNDS

CONSTANCE, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER



MISS KITTY SEELY

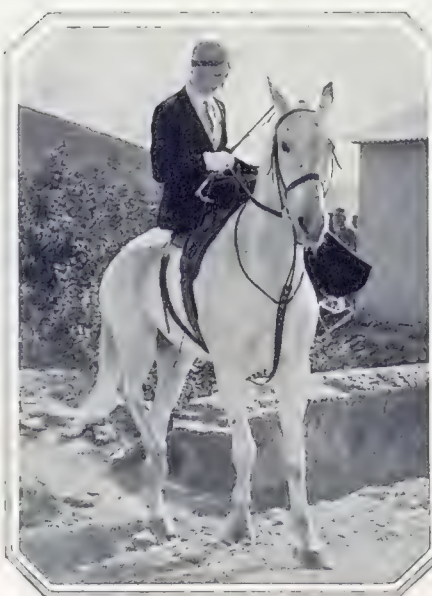


MR. DRURY-LOWE AND A FRIEND

These pictures were taken at two more or less recent meets of the famous Calpé, which some people think may be descended from the Iron Duke's Peninsula pack, but some do not, and think Pau might have a better claim. They were at Malaga Veeta and Guardiola Bridge, near one of their kennels. Most of the field in these snapshots were guests of H.E. the Governor-General Sir A. J. Godley and Lady Godley. Lady Bute, whose daughter is in the picture alongside, was only recently hunting with the Cottesmore. Mr. Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards, is on H.E. the Governor's staff. Lady Mary Grosvenor is Constance, Duchess of Westminster's daughter, and General Seely's daughter is in the picture below that of her father. The country is fenced by a few brooks and open ditches, but nothing else, and those who know say it is a rough region to ride over—all gorse hills and cork woods. However, they get plenty of fun out of it, which is the main thing



THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE



LADY MARY CRICHTON-STUART

IN THE SOCIETY NEWS OF THE HOUR



Hay Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF VERULAM WITH LORD FORRESTER, THE HON. JOHN, THE HON. BRIAN, AND THE HON. BRUCE GRIMSTON, HER SONS



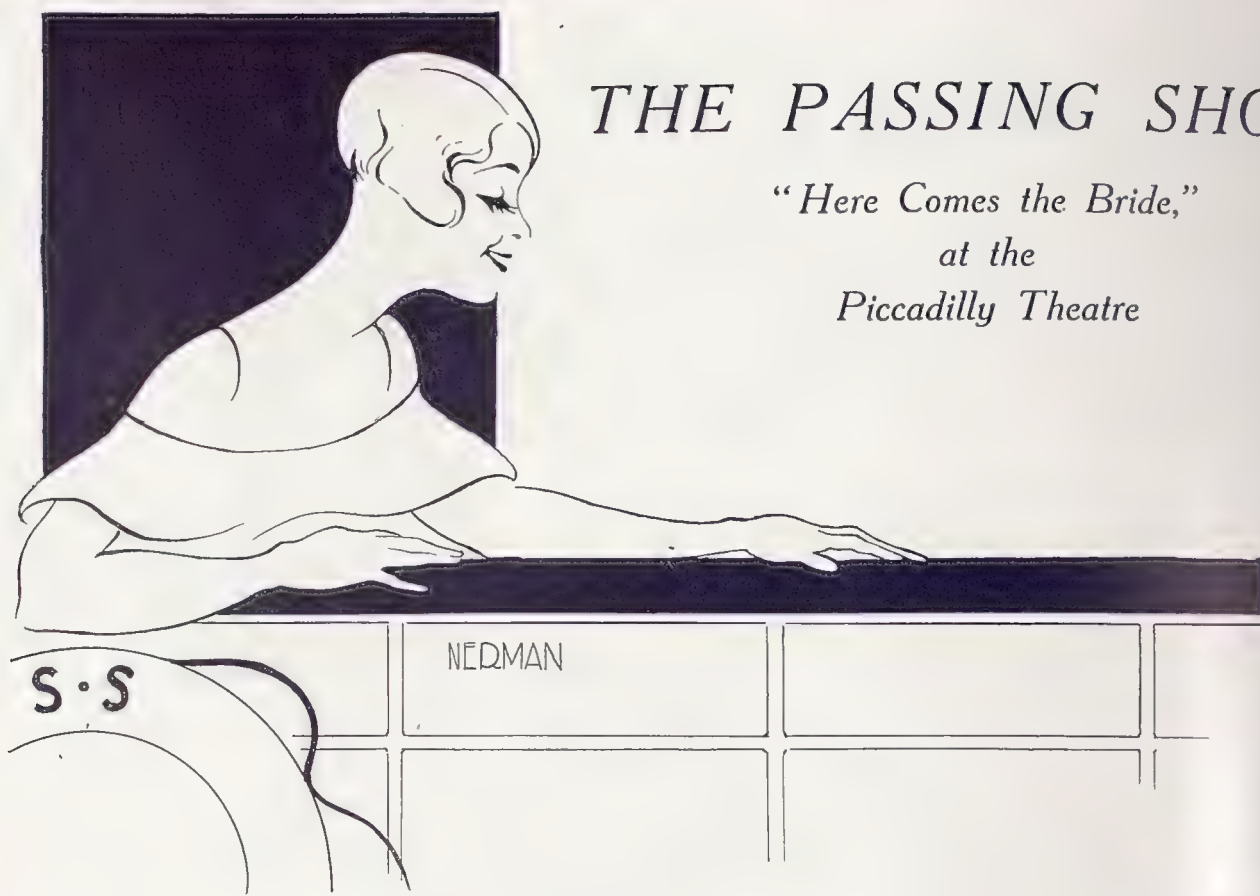
Marian Lewis

MRS. RONALD ARMSTRONG JONES



SIR JOHN AND LADY BUCHAN-HEPBURN AT SMEATON-HEPBURN

Miss Compton Collier



MISS JEAN COLIN

Singing that oft-recurring melody, "I'll always remember," from the upper deck of the liner upon which an outraged parent is hurrying her home to England, while below . . .

AT the Piccadilly Theatre, gentlemen, you may smoke—which helps; the seats are comfortable, even if the corpulent are constrained to tread delicately down the passages during the intervals for refreshment; and the show is precisely that mixture of melody and movement which can be either stimulant or narcotic, or both, according to your after-dinner state of mind.

Here Comes the Bride is described as "a musical farcical comedy in two Acts," adapted by Messrs. Weston and Lee from the play by Edgar MacGregor and Otto Harbach; with lyrics "mostly" by Desmond Carter, music by Arthur Schwartz, dances and ensembles arranged by Frederick Lord, dresses designed by Anna K. Zinkeisen and G. E. Calthrop, and production by Julian Wylie. This extract from the articles of association speaks well for the prospects of the company and inspires a vote of confidence in the directors: At the extraordinary general meeting, held on the first night, the presentation of the balance sheet was enthusiastically received on a show of hands. Speeches were made, prospectuses waved, and shareholders went home satisfied that the results justified capital appreciation.

If I could find one of them endowed with a memory sufficiently retentive to describe the plot without embarrassment, I should like to call upon his services at this moment. Perhaps if I proceed to personalities some of the threads of the complicated story may disentangle themselves.

Taking the principal characters in the order of their lightning entrances, there was, firstly, Mr. Edmund Gwenn. I say "was," because it seemed doubtful whether this invaluable actor could survive more than a few performances without being hurried from the stage-door by ambulance in the last stages of apoplexy. No news being good news, I assume Mr. Gwenn is still running the gamut of irascibility with no more inconvenience than a sore throat and frequent changes of underclothes. Watching him slowly breaking up the stage furniture with a walking-stick is to realize the significance of the term "occasional" as applied to a table. Exhibitions of paternal bull-baiting, with all the roarings of the injured animal, can be very tiresome and thankless. Mr. Gwenn made them vastly entertaining. It was trying work superbly executed. So that when his indomitable spirit flung itself into the abandon of an acrobatic dance, involving an amorous lady from the Argentine with a pearl necklace eluding recovery in her garter, sterner patrons of the

drama than myself forbore, I hope, to recall that only a few months previously Mr. Gwenn had been seen at the top of his form in the revival of *The Skin Game*.

Mr. Gwenn's wrath (the plot is coming back to me) was threefold.

His two daughters, Miss Jean Colin and Miss Vera Bryer, were engaged respectively to Mr. Clifford Mollison and Mr. Richard Dolman. Mr. Mollison, incredible as it may seem, was his solicitor. There was a concession in South America, costing £20,000, which Mr. Gwenn had been pushed into buying against his will, though, of course, in the end, the railway *did* run through it, and then the boot was on the other leg. And there was Maria, a South American beauty (Miss Maria Minetti), who suddenly announced to her lover Roberto (Mr. Albert Brouett), in the market square



MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON

Hung about with life-buoys, and in most distressful circumstance, repeats the refrain *con amore*. Mr. Mollison is in great form throughout an evening of matrimonial tangles set to the catchiest of music

of San Marino, in which Mr. Gwenn and family were wrangling, that under the terms of her rich uncle's will she must marry at all costs a man whose name was Clifford Mollison, or, rather, Frederick Tile. There may have been some reason for this, but what with the bellowing of the outraged father and client, and the chorus, and the dancing of Howell Harper and Naldi, the niceties of the rich uncle theme were never fully unfolded. Mainly it was the fault of Naldi, a slender mixture of whipcord and grace, who was flung about by her two male partners, now by the head, now by the heels, in a series of whirlwind acrobatics which took away more of our breath than hers. At times one just shut both eyes and prayed for her safety; but she seemed to welcome danger, and the maelstrom ended as it deserved to do—in a tempest of applause.

After that, a brief interlude on the homeward-bound liner with Miss Colin and Mr. Mollison exchanging the haunting refrain of "I'll always remember," between decks. Then a glimpse of how solicitors ought to conduct their business (how much brighter Lincoln's Inn Fields would be with a chorus of nymphs floating into the senior partner's room at intervals of five minutes, and being shooed out again on the arrival of a difficult client), and then a register office, where the marriage of inconvenience was duly solemnized for the consideration of £5,000 down and the rest when Maria had secured her divorce one year later.

This brought us to the end of Act 1 (five scenes) with the most important rule of the game—the misunderstanding—properly observed. Miss Colin, having accomplished the usual lovers' quarrel (this time by telephone), returns to her fiancé's chambers to make it up again, only to find him married—in name only, but nevertheless married—to the South American widow for a period of not less than twelve months.

Part the Second sets a pace so fast and furious that this outline of history is now closed. Proceedings open with surely



MR. EDMUND GWENN

In apoplectic pursuit of the youthful solicitor who insists not only on carrying on with his daughter but also in speculating wildly at his client's expense in a land concession in South America. Mr. Gwenn is indefatigable as the irascible parent

sion. Maria's marriage being shown to be illegal—I fancy she was a trigamist or worse—the removal of one bride leads satisfactorily to the prospect of another. And there we are, swept away by the speed and pep of it all, and left with the comfortable impression that as entertainments go this one has gone faster down the road to success than most.

Miss Minetti's merry widow deserves a niche in the gallery of exotic vamps; Mr. Albert Brouett's eccentric "dago" is evidence of a small part made conspicuous and amusing when it might easily be neither; Miss Vera Bryer keeps up her reputation for high spirits and high-kicking; Miss Colin looks as fresh and pretty as a rose-bud grown in the best June tradition, but manages to convey in her carefully chosen accents the entire vocal refinement of the outer suburbs—which is a pity; Mr. Richard Dolman's dancing is Astaire-like in its nimble speed; and Mr. Clifford Mollison (a pause here while one tear is shed over the parts this actor might have played if musical comedy hadn't spirited him away from the "straight" path) conjures light-handedly with a sense

of humour and a gift for comedy. The chorus are comely, and not overworked; nobody has any voice to speak of; the lyrics are neat, and Mr. Schwartz' score is a model of melody and rhythm. A rattling good show.

"TRINCULO."



MISS VERA BRYER AND MR. RICHARD DOLMAR

Dancing, with all the grace and energy at their command, to the tuneful refrain of "I'm like a sailor home from the sea"



MR. ALBERT BROUETT AND MISS MARIA MINETTI

As the temperamental gentleman from the Argentine and the lady whom he intends to marry, but not until she has married a certain Englishman (who of course is the hero) under the terms of a rich uncle's will. Complicated—yes. Amusing—very

ACROSS THE SEAS



MR. WALTER CAMP, JUN., AND HIS
WIFE (FORMERLY RUTH ELDER)



SIR HERBERT AND LADY BARKER OUT SHOOTING
WITH THE MAHARAJA KUMAR SAHIB OF KUTCH



MRS. McLAUGHLIN (IRENE CASTLE)



MRS. AIMÉE MACPHERSON'S NEW CONVERT



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Mrs. Walter Camp, Jun., who has been on vacation with her husband at Miami Beach, Florida, was Ruth Elder before his marriage and will be remembered for her gallant attempt at flying the Atlantic. Sir Herbert Barker, the distinguished manipulative surgeon, and his wife, have been the guests of the Maharaja Kumar Sahib of Kutch during their visit to India. H.H. the Maharaja of Kutch represented India at the Imperial Conference of 1921 and is a Freeman of the City of London. Mrs. Irene Castle, dancer, dress designer, and film star has been wearing slacks at Palm Beach, while Mrs. Aimée Macpherson, the lionised "hot gossip," has been doing some lionising herself in the Luna Park Zoo at Los Angeles. Lady Louis Mountbatten and her husband are visiting the States, with California as their main objective.

A "TATLER" FASHION

"The Tatler" will publish every Month an original Fashion Design by Gordon Conway suitable for the Season.



Pyjamas for informal négligée. The loose coat is of jade crêpe satin, lined with turquoise satin. The sleeveless jumper and trousers are of chartreuse crêpe satin. The jumper is in orchid, fuschia, and turquoise blue

PLAYER'S
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CIGARETTES
CORK TIPS

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(FLAT POCKET TIN)

PLAYER'S
BACHELOR
CORK TIPS



"There were really only two horses in the race"

FIFTY-FIFTY. By Liam O'Flaherty

ALTHOUGH twelve were saddled there were really only two horses in the race, and these two horses monopolised the betting. Centipede was favourite at even money. Dog's Meat was second favourite at 6 to 4. For the rest the bookmakers were shouting 10 to 1 bar a couple. It was an absolute certainty that either one or the other of the favourites was going to be the winner and that the rest could amuse themselves by racing for third place.

Titch Perkins, the rider of Centipede, was going around the paddock flicking his boots with his whip and looking very worried. The other jockeys were mounting, and some horses had already been led, mounted, out through the railings on to the course. Centipede's trainer, while holding an excited conversation with another trainer, now and again shouted at Perkins, telling him to mount. At last Perkins cursed, spat on his palms, rubbed his hands together, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and gave his bent knee to the man throwing him up. He cast a last despairing glance around the paddock as his horse was being led away.

Just then he saw the man he wanted entering the paddock in a terrible hurry, Tommy Digby, the rider of Dog's Meat. Somebody ran forward and waved a blanket at Digby, and then the little fellow waved his arms, hitched his breeches, and ran to his horse.

Everybody had gone back to the stand. Perkins gave the reins a twitch and Centipede darted aside and began to toss his head and then to back sideways. Perkins patted the horse on the neck with one hand and twitched the reins with the other. He thus managed to delay until Dog's Meat, with Digby on his back, came up to him. Then he let Centipede go forward, and the two horses went out of the gate close together. Side by side they trotted slowly up the course past the stand.

"Say, Tommy," whispered Perkins in an angry tone, "that's a dirty trick you played on me."

"What?" panted Digby. He was still out of breath after his run to the paddock. "What are ye talking about?"

They spoke very rapidly, hardly opening their lips and looking straight in front of them, their withered jockey-faces wearing the solemn and melancholy expression which is peculiar to that odd profession. From the stands, where the throng of spectators stood watching the two horses and their riders, it was impossible to see whether the two little men were speaking at all. All the spectators saw was two tiny fellows, one dressed in coffee-coloured silk with a white sash, the other dressed in black with white hoops; one standing, leaning forward, the other sitting and swaying slightly; and two horses trotting, with their gorgeous hides flashing in the sunlight.

(Continued on p. 8)



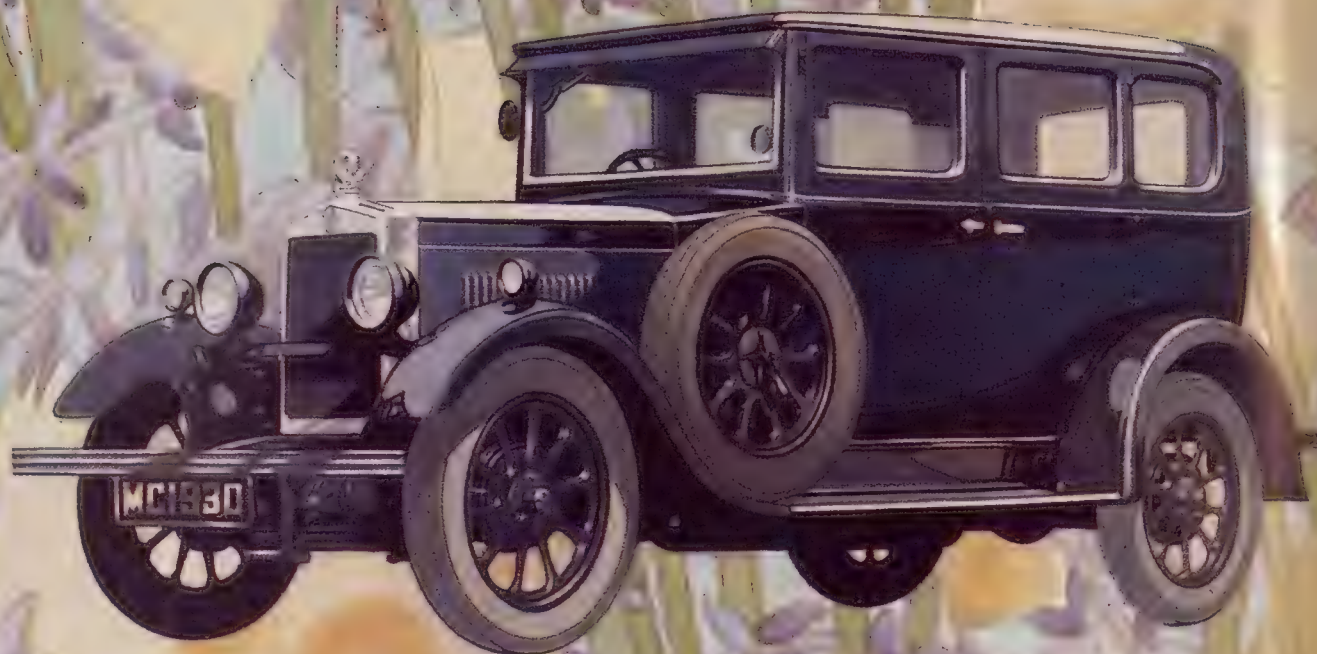
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THE SACRIFICE

From the picture by Louis Ginnett, R.O.I., exhibited at the Royal Institute of Oil-painters



Painted by Douglas Wales.

ON VIEW AT CATTERICK BRIDGE



COLONEL KIRBY (centre) WITH
MAJOR AND MRS. JOHN FOSTER



LORD AND LADY ALLERTON



CAPTAIN AND MRS. STIRLING-
STUART AND LORD HADDINGTON



MISS GREEN, MR. BASLEY, AND SIR HENRY
LAWSON PERAMBULATING THE PADDOCK

Catterick Bridge Steeple-chases figure twice yearly in the Calendar, and are always a good draw for Yorkshire's racing contingent. On the first day Lord Allerton, who lives at Thorp Arch Hall, rode his horse, Monomark, in the Kirby Fleetham Hurdle, but was not concerned with the finish. Lord Haddington was first past the post on Merriment IV in the Northern Hunters' Cup, but unfortunately made a bad shot at the course and was disqualified. A curious fatality occurred on the second day, Mr. G. Beeby's Arklow bolting on the way to the post and after making the complete circuit twice, collapsed and died in the paddock. Captain Rae Stirling-Stuart, the son of Mr. Crawford-Stirling-Stuart of Castle-milk, used to be in the Greys; and Sir Henry Lawson of Brough is a well-known North Riding personality. Lord Southampton, who had the South Durham Hounds for seven seasons, lives at Rockliffe Park, near Darlington



CAPTAIN RILEY LORD, THE HON. MRS. BEATTY,
AND HER FATHER, LORD SOUTHAMPTON



AT THE TEDWORTH HUNT BALL AT TIDWORTH

On left—sitting: Mrs. Beard, Lady Montgomery Massingberd, Miss Catherine Forester, Mrs. Luckock, Mrs. Dugan, Colonel Dugan; standing—Mr. Dumphy, Brig.-Gen. Luckock, Mrs. Dugan, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Archibald Montgomery Massingberd, G.O.C., Capt. Beard, Miss Forester. On right—sitting: Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Laing, Miss Verity Holroyd, Mrs. Hartland; standing—Sir Peter Farquhar, M.F.H., Captain C. Heber-Percy, Captain Britain Jones, General Leader, Captain Hartman



AT THE ALDERSHOT 'CHASES: Lord Dorchester, Mrs. Neilson, and Mrs. Laing



AT LINGFIELD: Miss Hope-Vere and Sir Anthony and Lady Lindsay-Hogg



THE S. AND W. WILTS POINT-TO-POINT: Miss Shand, Admiral Bromley, Mr. and Mrs. Shand, and Miss Victoria Bromley

The Tedworth, Tom Assheton-Smith's old pack, for he founded them in 1826 after he had done with the Shires, held their hunt ball at the adjacent armed camp of Tidworth, where Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Montgomery Massingberd, G.O.C. Southern Command, has his headquarters. Lord Dorchester, an ex-Master of the Garth, was at Aldershot the day Sir David Campbell, another 9th Lancer and winner of the National on The Soarer, was going in such good form, and was third on his own horse in the Chargers' Race. Lady Lindsay-Hogg, who is seen with her husband at Lingfield, was formerly Miss Frances Doble, the famous actress. The S. and W. Wilts, of which Mr. Isaac Bell is the most popular Master, held their point-to-point at Kingston Deverill and a big success it was



ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGEST—LORETTA YOUNG

The beautiful seventeen-year-old film actress, who has recently become Mrs. Grant Withers much against her mother's wishes, as she tried to get the marriage annulled on the ground that the bride was a minor. The proceedings did not succeed, and the lady has been working in a film called "Loose Ankles," and in her spare time giving her fox-terrier a bit of wrestling exercise with one of the leopard cubs in the Los Angeles Zoo. Miss Loretta Young is one of the seventy-seven stars in "Show of Shows," in which Georges Carpentier has a part. There are, in addition to the seventy-seven stars, a thousand Hollywood beauties. This stupendous film, which embodies everything from Shakespeare to jazz, opens at the Tivoli, in the Strand, on March 24, for an indefinite run



RUGBY RAMBLINGS



LONDON SCOTTISH v. UNITED SERVICES (PORTSMOUTH)

A moment in the match at the Richmond Athletic Ground on the 8th, when the United Services (Portsmouth) won by 13 to 8. The ground was on the fast side, and the game naturally was rather made to match

THE season of 1929-1930 will go down to history as one of the most sensational of recent years. It began well with France dropping a goal to win the game against Scotland, an example followed by Scotland later on against Wales, and by Ireland against England. It is most unusual for three International games in a season to be decided by the much-discussed dropped goal.

Then there is the dramatic flight of Sam Tucker from Bristol to Cardiff, where he played the game of his life and led England to a most unexpected victory. It was the veteran's first venture in an aeroplane, and rumour has it that he was rather nervous, as indeed he was entitled to be. Incidentally, the inability of H. Rew to turn out gave the selection committee the opportunity to repair their most serious mistake of the season.

Perhaps the most startling incident of the year was the choice of an almost unknown wing three-quarter in C. C. Tanner to play on the wing against Scotland. The old Cheltenham boy is in his third year at Cambridge, but he has only once played for the University, and it was his form on that occasion, coupled with a brilliant display in the Mobbs Memorial match at Northampton, that earned him a cap. These lines are being written of necessity before the great game, so one can only hope that he justified his choice.

Tanner has thus joined the select band of University men who have played for England before getting their blues. R. F. Poulton-Palmer is one of the most famous of these, another is G. D. Roberts, who got his cap from Devonshire before going up to Oxford and did not get a blue in his first year. "G. D." became a very famous player, and is now almost equally distinguished as one of the most promising Counsel at the bar.

Surely the Cambridge authorities must have been suffering from defective eyesight during the last year or two. Some quite moderate players have appeared as wing three-quarters, and yet J. S. Reeve, last year, and C. C. Tanner

were overlooked. There is also a young gentleman named Collinson, sometime of Mill Hill School, who has been somewhat neglected. If he is of the same class as the three old Mill Hill boys in the England fifteen this season, and report has it that he has nothing to fear from comparison with them, not only his University but his country could have done with him. Perhaps his turn will come next season.

Possibly the last two Cambridge captains, like many of their predecessors, have found the Christmas term all too short to enable them to try all the men they would have liked to. If so it is only one more argument for the moving of the inter-University match to the end of February. This would give many more candidates a chance, and would sustain the interest in Rugby to almost the end of the season. As things are at present Rugby is practically of no account at Oxford or Cambridge after Christmas. The theory that the respective captains are using the Lent term matches to try out the men for next season sounds pretty enough, but these games are of little practical value, since men vary so much in form from one season to another.

Rugby reforms are proverbially slow, but they usually materialize in the end. For example, how many years did it take to change the venue of the 'Varsity match from Queen's Club, probably the most unsuitable ground in London, to Twickenham? Match after match was spoilt by fog, and every year thousands were unable to get into the ground at all. At last common sense prevailed, and who would dream of going back to Queen's now? Certainly not the 'Varsities themselves, if only because of the increased gate-money, for even Oxford and Cambridge want money. And so, someday, the date of the 'Varsity match will be changed, and then in a year or so everybody will wonder why it had not been done long before.

Whatever may have happened at Twickenham, last Saturday, we ought to feel grateful to Wales for beating Ireland and doing their bit

(Continued on p. 221)



H. S. Crisp

C. C. TANNER

England's new and surprise cap for the match v. Scotland. C. C. Tanner is Cheltenham and Pembroke

A LETTER FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN



There are no "beauty secrets" any more

MYSTERIOUS, and meaningless, rites—in the name of beauty—are distinctly out of date. Modern women recognize the truth that there is only one means to skin loveliness—and that is *skin health*

This health is obtained exactly as general bodily well-being is obtained, by perfect cleanliness, judicious exercise, intelligent protection and careful nourishment. Soap and water cleanliness is not enough

You must use Cleansing Cream which is specially prepared to seep into every pore and dislodge impurities. Exercise must be by means of definitely helpful manipulations. Every lotion and cream should be thoughtfully selected to promote skin vitality

Every one of my methods and preparations have been planned with just one idea: *The scientific promotion of skin health*. I am constantly supervising the manufacture of every cream, lotion or powder which I offer you, to see that this high standard is maintained

There is no real beauty except *natural* beauty, and the most direct way of achieving it is by making faithful and confident use of those treatments and preparations which are as accurate and healthful as nature herself!

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

Venetian Cleansing Cream Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Ardena Velya Cream. A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths without fattening 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

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WITH 'THE KILDARE HOUNDS

Footie, Dublin

When they met at Millicent House at the invitation of Captain and Mrs. Frank Boylan. In this group, left to right, are: Miss Barbara Jameson, Miss Biddy Noble-Johnson, Mrs. O'Mahony, the Hon. Lady McCalmont (mother of Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny), and Miss Joyce Morgan (a visitor from the Anglesea Harriers' country in North Wales, and at present staying with Lady McCalmont)

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DAVID CAMPBELL, better known to a good many of us, probably, as "Soarer" Campbell by reason of his having won the National of 1896 on Mr. Willie Hall-Walker's (since then Lord Wavertree) The Soarer, is one of the many living exemplifications of the fact that hard exercise of the fox-hunting and chasing description absolutely defies the hour-glass. Sir David Campbell, who goes as if his nerve was as good as it was that day in 1896, is sixty-one, and is as fit and hard a man as there is in all England. It was in 1896 that that rather unlucky horse, Cathal, owned and then ridden by the Hon. Reggie Ward and trained by Arthur Yates, made his second appearance in the National, and I think they fancied him quite a lot, for in the race of 1895 he was only beaten a length and a half by Wild Man from Borneo, who was ridden by Mr. Joe Widger, Harry Escott having the ride on Cathal. However it was not to be, for thundering well ridden by the present G.O.C.-in-C., Aldershot, The Soarer brought off a 40 to 1 chance by a length and a half from Father O'Flynn; another 40 to 1 chance, and Biscuit, a 25 to 1 chance, was third. Twenty-eight ran, and they always told me that it was a good race to watch—I never saw it as I was east of Suez at the time. Cathal only finished eighth, and had no luck again the next year, when Manifesto won, for he fell over the final flight of hurdles, which used to be in the straight. In 1898 they again fancied Cathal. It was the blizzard year, when Drogheda, ridden by J. Gourley, was the only horse which seemed not to mind the blinding snow. Cathal ran second, beaten three lengths, but as the winner passed the post no one knew what had won it for the snow obliterated everything.

There are not many of Sir David Campbell's contemporaries of those Grand National times who are to-day able and ready to get up and ride between the flags, though George Williamson, Manifesto's pilot, still hunts—at least I think so—and if he is at it, is still a model for anyone of the right spot in which to sit in a saddle. Tip-up, sliding, and other fancy styles in seats were not known in those times. General John Vaughan, of course, must be mentioned when we are talking of people who will not grow old because they hunt and ride 'chases, but he is two years younger than Sir David Campbell. Even this, however, does not make either of these very fine performers exactly babes, and I think everyone ought to take their hats off to anyone who is round about the three-score who jumps a fence at all, even out hunting; and look how gallantly some of our Peter Pans go.

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

Poor Mr. Willie Wroughton was a striking case in point, and what a performer over Leicestershire right up to the end. The late Lord Minto, "Mr. Rolly," as he was at Cambridge, was another who declined to let Time beat him, or a dislocated neck either. He rode in four Grand Nationals: 1874, Captain Machell's Defence (4th); 1875, Mr. Bennett's Miss Hungerford (knocked over second time round); 1876, Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson's Zero (fell at Valentine's second time, and it was then, I believe, Lord Minto was picked up for dead); and 1877, Lord Doune's Earl Marshal (finished 6th). In 1874 Lord Minto won the French National for Captain Machell on Miss Hungerford, and Mr. J. M. Richardson our National for the same owner on Reugny, and the Brocklesby farmers had such a good race they laid down pipes of port. There is not much of it left, but if I had stayed on for one more day with the Brocklesby when hunting there a bit ago I was promised some—to smell—for it is as scarce as all that!

"My Sketch Book in the Shiny," being a collection of quite unbeatable impressions by my hard-bitten little friend "Snaffles," ought to set some worn-out old hearts a-beating a bit

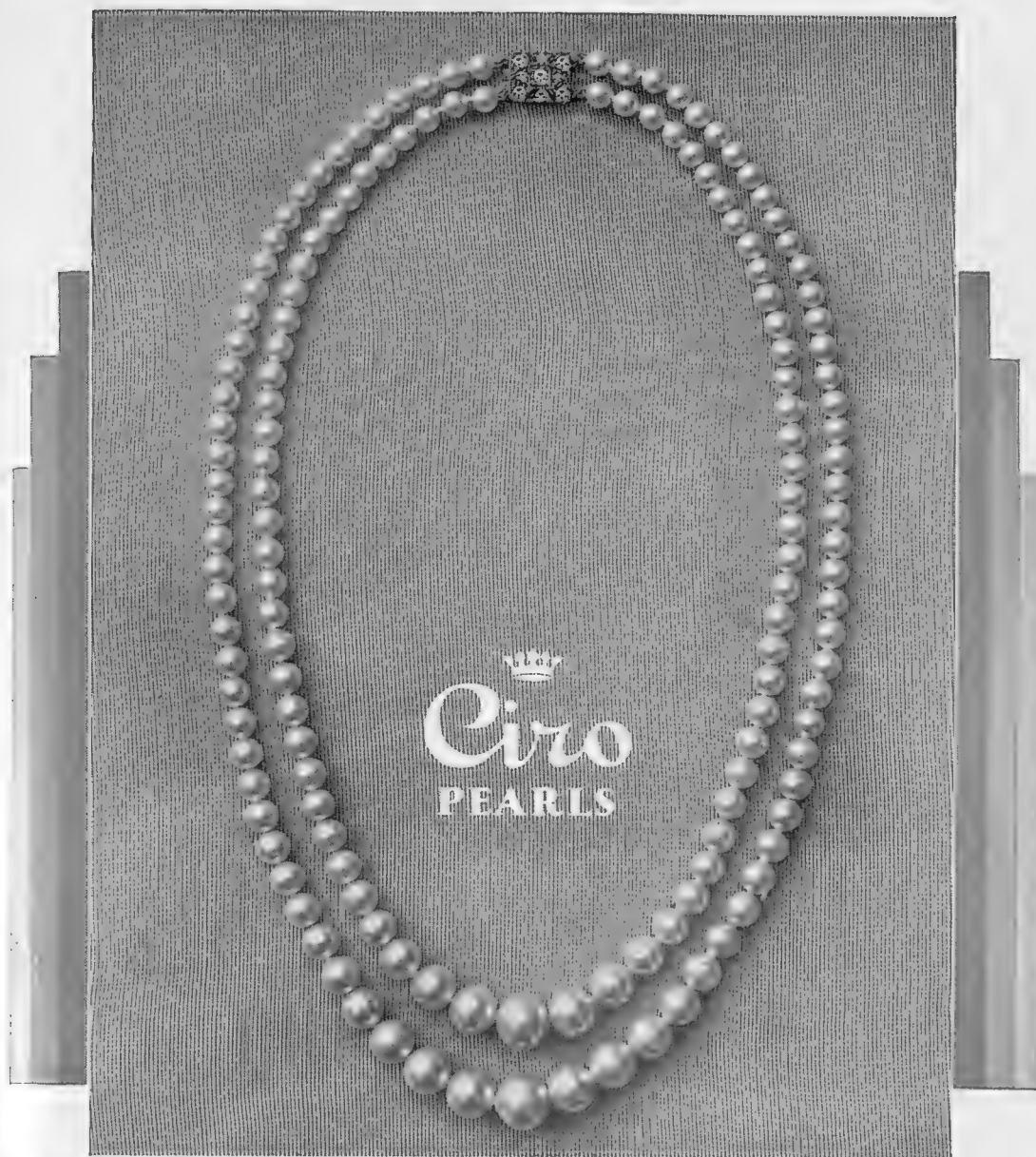
faster, and cause any younger ones to gallop with the excitement of anticipated pleasure; for this incomparably good artist has caught the very life and spirit of every kind of thing done in India on a horse at high speed, bar steeplechasing. My copy of this book is a presentation one signed, "To 'Sabretache' from 'Snaffles,'" and is not on loan! I mention this fact merely as a caution and because everyone who has ever had a go at any of the things which he will find in this book—pigsticking, polo, hunting with the Peshawur Vale, galloping past the saluting base with (I should think from the picture) a division of horse guns, or climbing the Khaki hills out beyond the frontier, where the Very Bad live—will want a copy of it. Coming out just as the Kadir is about to be run I should say that every available copy

(Continued on p. viii)



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DAVID CAMPBELL ON EXCHANGE II AT ALDERSHOT

Sir "Soarer" Campbell, G.O.C.-in-C. at Aldershot, is undefeatable. He again rode in the Aldershot Command 'Chases this year, and was third in the Chargers' Cup in a field of seventeen—a great performance, as he was twenty-seven when he won the Grand National on Mr. W. Hall-Walker's (now Lord Wavertree) The Soarer in 1896. He was then a subaltern in the 9th Lancers



“Two Rows of Pearls”—says *Paris*

And *Ciro*, anticipating this becoming fashion, has produced a double-row necklet that is a faithfully exact copy of a real pearl necklet costing over a thousand guineas. It has a real diamond clasp set in genuine platinum and 18-carat white gold, and the price of the necklet and clasp complete is only five guineas. What an adorable gift! In beauty the very twin of a necklet of the finest sea pearls, in intrinsic value the most remarkable offer that even *Ciro* has ever made.

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Bubble and Squeak

THE two following stories are taken from "What Cheer," compiled by Mr. Ralph Frost:

"A man was suspected by his wife of receiving telephone calls from other women. One night he was rung up, and his wife heard him say: 'Hello, George. Is that you, George? Certainly I will, George. Of course I will, George. No, George. Good-bye, George.' Then he turned to his wife and said, 'That was George, dear.'"

"Two men found themselves at a wayside inn, and to while away the time decided to have a game of billiards. They were taken by the landlord into a room marked 'Billiards,' containing a crazy-looking little table with a set of balls that were all a dull grey colour. 'But how do you tell the red from the white?' they asked. 'That's easy,' said the landlord. 'You soon get to know 'em by the shape.'"

The oculist was telling a friend of a curious case. "Everything Jones looked at he saw double," he said.

"I suppose he found it difficult to obtain a job," said the other sympathetically.

"Strangely enough, no," said the oculist. "The local gas company happened to hear about him and they snapped him up at once. He's now reading gas meters."



MISS ANNA MAY WONG

The famous Chinese film star, who plays the lead in the new 100 per cent. talkie called "Hai Tang—the Way to Disgrace," which has been made in both English and German. Anna May Wong was born and educated in Los Angeles, so "American" is no trouble to her. Her first big film was when she played a slave girl in the big Douglas Fairbanks' film, "The Thief of Bagdad".



MISS JEAN COLIN

Looking prettier than ever, if possible. She is one of the various and assorted brides in the new musical-farcical comedy, "Here Comes the Bride," which is having a succès fou at the Piccadilly Theatre. It may be recalled that Miss Jean Colin took up the leading part in "The Five O'Clock Girl," the telephone piece, at very short notice, and made good

A man who had dined rather too well was returning to his home by tube. He leaned over towards another well-wined individual and asked, "Shay, friend, have you sher time?"

"Choosday," replied the other seriously.

"Good heavens," cried the first, "then we've passed my stashon!"

"You see that woman over there?" asked the racing enthusiast. "Well, that's Mrs. Greene, the unluckiest punter I ever met."

"I'm not surprised," retorted his wife; "a woman with a figure like hers has no business to go boating in anything smaller than an ocean liner!"

A motorist touring Wales was struck, and sometimes amused, by the inscriptions in Welsh which he saw in various parts of the country. One morning in an hotel when the attendant was showing him to his bath, the visitor paused before the inscription on the mat.

"Tam Htab," he mused; "I'll bet that's Welsh for 'Welcome.'"

"No, sir," replied the attendant, "the bath mat happens to be upside down, sir."

"H'a'ye seen the new meenister yet, Sandy?"

"Aye, Donald, I was at the manse last night."

"Were ye? What kind o' a man is he?"

"Well, verra leebra! wi' the whusky. But the quality—man! I verra nearly left some!"

The farmer owned fields on each side of the golf links. It so happened that he was taking a short cut from one to another when the club's worst member was addressing his ball.

The worst member wagged his driver to and fro for several minutes, missed four swings, and finally managed to hit the ball about a dozen feet. Then he glanced up and saw the farmer.

"I say," he protested, "only golfers are allowed on this course, you know."

The farmer nodded.

"I do know," he replied, "but I won't say nuthin' if you don't."

*A Masterpiece
by
An Old Master*



John Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES' WOLSELEY CARS AND FORD LORRIES, NAIROBI

Sinks, Nairobi

A wonderful picture of the motor transport arranged for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' safari by Safariland, Ltd., just before a start was made from Nairobi, Kenya Colony. Safariland, Ltd., were responsible for all equipment and food supplies in addition to the actual transport

Why Not?

IT must be generally conceded that one of the really distinct personalities connected with the automobile industry is Colonel Warwick Wright. There are of course many who do not see eye to eye with him in some of his views—which fact does not in the least detract from their value—but those views are frequently quite unconventional, and to add to their force they are generally expressed with a pungency of manner that very few can equal. For my own part I invariably find Warwick Wright a most stimulating man to have a chat with, for he unfailingly finds that I have some old preconceived idea which has only got to be brought to the light of day for me to be able to realize how rotten it is. This is very salutary to anyone who has got into the habit of imagining that he thinks upon advanced lines. The topic we were discussing was that of upholstery. Since I have always held that there was “nothing like leather” in this department I was somewhat surprised to hear W. W. declare roundly that this substance was out of date, ineffective, and generally ridiculous. He would not hear that it had desirable lasting qualities, or that it was ever really comfortable; he denied that it was warm in winter and cool in summer, he asserted that there was nothing to justify its use in any way whatsoever, and that on all points it was inferior to that specialized form of cloth that is now being so extensively used in America and on the Continent. Warwick Wright conducted his case with accustomed skill, but it is possible I might have been able to resist his attempt to convert me had he not there and then staged a demonstration. He took me out in two Black Hawk Stutzes, one upholstered in leather and the other in cloth . . . and there was simply no more to be said about the matter, except the simple verdict. “There is no comparison.” And yet it would appear that in British bodywork, leather is growing in favour rather than otherwise. This can only be because

people do not know what they are missing. Now one of these Stutzes (I am never quite sure how to add a plural to the letter “z”) had over 40,000 miles to its credit in private ownership, and its original and quite delicate-looking cloth was almost as good as new. It bore a few marks but no serious damage. Later I surveyed, somewhat ruefully, my own cars. Their admirable British leather bears traces of use that can never be defaced; the rubbings of suit-case edgings, the scratchings of dogs' paws, the rippings of golf-shoe nails, the smirchings of oily-handed garage mechanics. And it is not to be denied that you can, by means of the basin-like depressions, perceive where people are in the habit of sitting. Now the cloth, which had been four times as long in use as my leather, showed no such signs, and yet I am certain that it would not have had any better treatment. It is, it seems to me, a question of surface. Leather, either treated or natural, is highly vulnerable; a well-made cloth is not. So I, you see, am quite converted. In future my cars will have cloth.

Vexatious, but . . .

I am not referring to the speed limit when I assert that hundreds of thousands of motorists (literally) in this country have been flagrantly breaking the law of the land since December. During that month the Petroleum (Consolidation) Act came into force. This states that when spirit is kept in a “storage place,” said “storage place” must be equipped with chemical extinguishers or a supply of sand. (What good sand could be I don't profess to know!) Now according to a Home Office ruling any private garage is a “storage place” within the meaning of the Act. You comply with the law if you fit a Pyrene to your car (which in any case is a wise provision), but if you want to keep a spare 2-gallon can of juice in your garage then you must protect it with another Pyrene, or, of

(Continued on p. 22)



“BETTY,” MOTHER, AND FAMILY

Judy Wrightson

Mrs. Stuart Nuthall, her most famous daughter Betty, who may yet get back the women's championship for England, and Jim, Molly, John, Thelma, and Patricia Nuthall. Jim Nuthall is the Junior Singles and Doubles Boy Champion of Great Britain, and goes up to Cambridge in October. Mrs. Nuthall is the owner of the Westside Country Club, Ealing

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting “The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” every Friday

Motoring in Excelsis!



32/34 H.P. 6-CYL. MINERVA LIMOUSINE
DE VILLE £1625.

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"The most comfortable and all-round excellent car I know," is the tribute paid by a prominent society lady owner of the MINERVA "32."

In this magnificent model fine engineering, artistic coachwork and stylish interior appointments are perfectly united. Minerva travel leaves nothing to be desired. Trial runs by appointment, with pleasure.

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One every 11 seconds

INTO ENGLAND'S

ARTERIAL ROADS!



Only in a car with the Vauxhall's high average speed can you travel fast and in comfort on to-day's crowded roads

RECENT FIGURES reveal that the number of cars on the road to-day is more than *half as great again* as in 1924—a total of nearly a million and a half!

See them turning into the great arterial roads at a fine week-end—one every 11 seconds!

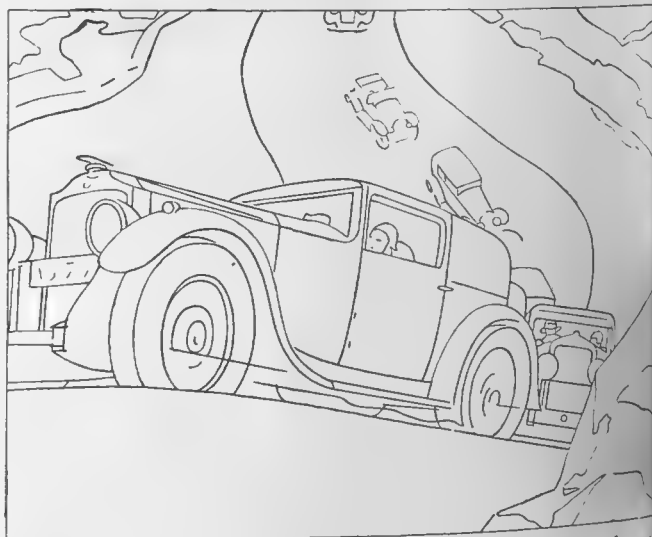
How to get from place to place over to-day's crowded roads without loss of time on the way, and in comfort, is a problem that every motorist must reckon with.

That is why increasing numbers of experienced drivers are purchasing Vauxhalls. For the 1930 Vauxhall has been designed especially to overcome the limitations imposed by present-day traffic conditions. Every feature of it has been planned to contribute still further to the amazing high average speed for which Vauxhalls are famous—and which, to-day more than ever before, is essential to comfortable, swift travel.

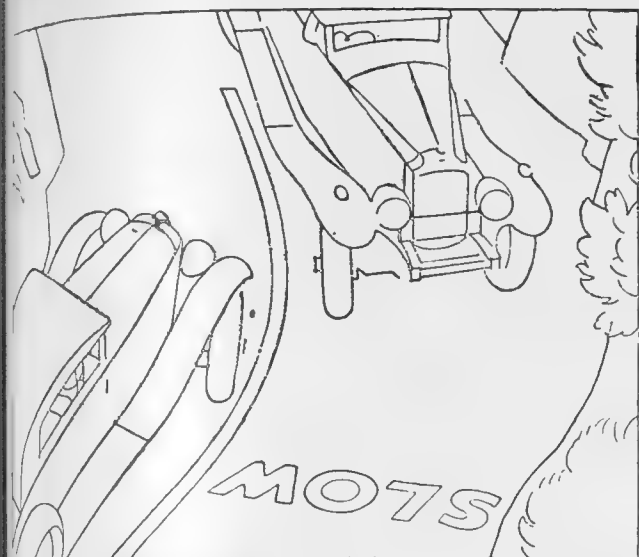
Few other cars within hundreds of the Vauxhall's price have the same capacity for making time whatever the road conditions—simply because, whatever you ask of it, the Vauxhall accomplishes a little better, a little more easily and comfortably.

Out of the throng of cars the Vauxhall's swift, smooth acceleration puts you easily ahead of other traffic. Once on the open road you may speed up to 70 miles an hour—with perfect safety, because the famous Vauxhall brakes can bring you to a standstill almost instantly.

On hills the Vauxhall's suitably chosen gear ratios send you soaring to the top, ahead of others. Cornering, the Vauxhall, with its low centre of



Hills cannot check the Vauxhall—on the contrary they give an opportunity to slip past other cars. For the Vauxhall's gear ratios have been specially planned to allow the extra power necessary for hill-climbing without sacrificing speed. All ordinary hills can easily be taken in top or third. Only on the very worst gradients need you change down to second.



Right hand bends with a sloping camber are notoriously hard to round without checking speed—especially if there is a car coming the other way. But you need not worry if you are at the wheel of a Vauxhall. The Vauxhall's longer, softer springing and low centre of gravity make cornering at all times smooth and utterly secure.

gravity and admirable springing, hugs the road so closely that you can safely round bends at a higher speed than would be wise in most other cars—and, again, the magnificent four-wheel brakes (which cost three or four times as much to make

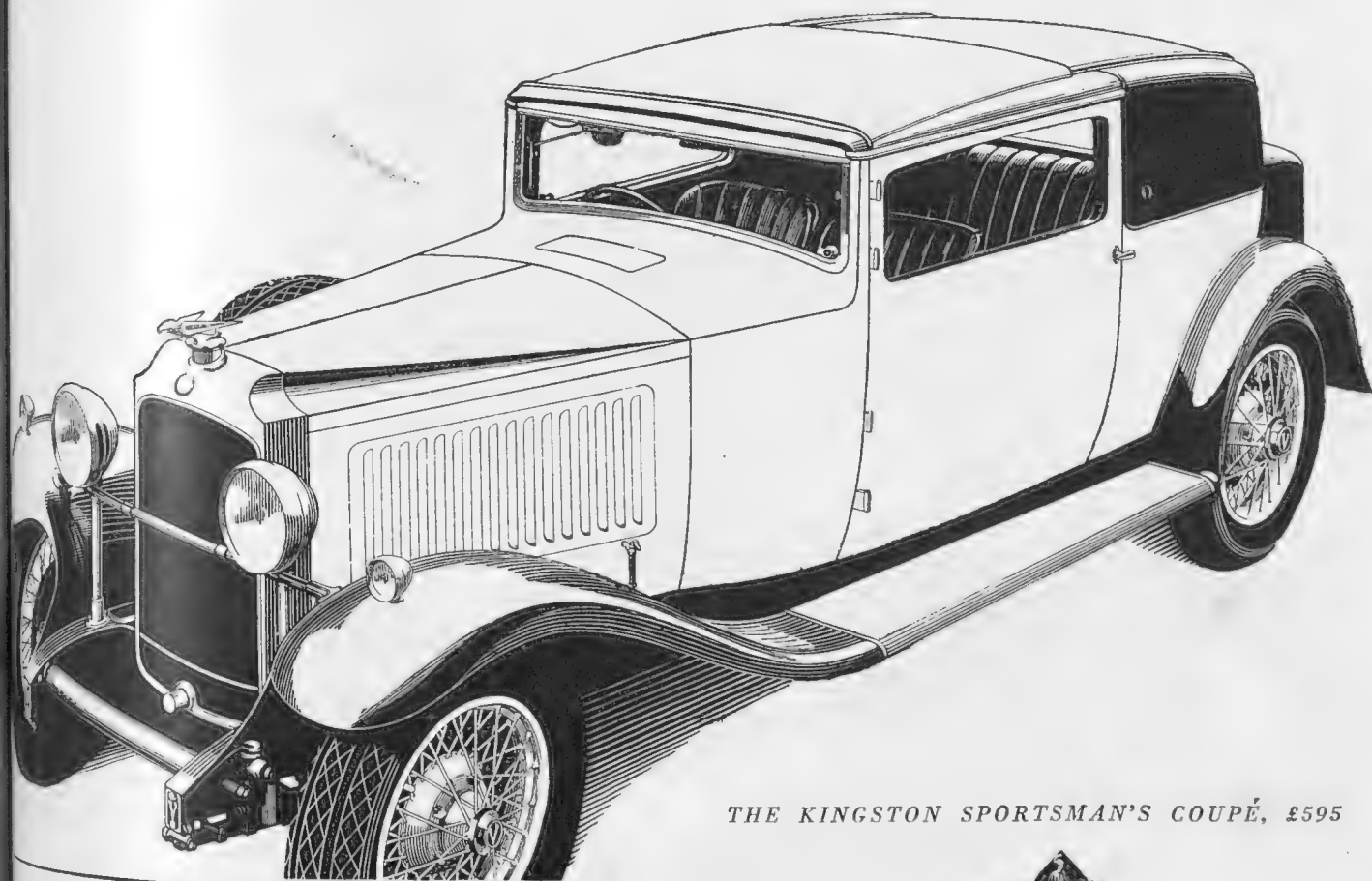
as ordinary brakes) make assurance doubly sure.

You can travel consistently faster in a Vauxhall. And in extraordinary comfort. Steering, gear-change, braking, lubrication to 28 points of the chassis by one touch of a pedal, all are so easy that half the effort of driving is eliminated.

Hydraulic shock absorbers, resilient springing, and roomy seats ensure luxurious comfort for passengers and driver alike. You can drive all day in a Vauxhall and reach your destination unharassed and unfatigued.

Vauxhall's are made at Luton, Bedfordshire, from 97% British materials by British workmen.

There are six exquisite Vauxhall models ranging in price from £495 to £695. Call and see them at the nearest Vauxhall dealer's. Ask for a trial run in one of them—a car will willingly be placed at your disposal. Or write for particulars to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.



THE KINGSTON SPORTSMAN'S COUPÉ, £595



V A U X H A L L



Commander and Mrs. Barry on the Cagnes-sur-Mer Links, where they have been playing plenty of brisk golf

HERE we are really off at last! The first open meeting, the first county match, both a little chilly but otherwise excellent, and by the time this page is in print somebody will have won the London Foursomes and the Roehampton Gold Cup. So that we shall really have settled down again to serious golf. (Perish the adjective.)

Somebody once wrote of daffodils—wasn't it?—that they "come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty." It would be a rash, not to say flattering, statement to suggest that the sixty odd starters in the North Hants Open Meeting took that



Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Newton-Hodge, who have been elected captains of the Tredegar Park Golf Club for 1930

Truman Howell

Eve at Golf : By ELEANOR E. HELME

keen wind "with beauty"; multiple coats and purple noses do not help anybody to look like Venus, but there was no doubt about their having come, and only a very few, having seen the scattering of snow, turned tail and fled. Some brought harrowing accounts of Walton Heath under snow; of encrusted wind-screens as they drove across the Hogs Back, but North Hants itself was green and beguiling, with extraordinarily beautiful greens, and by the afternoon the sun was shining brightly if not warmly.

But it was not exactly easy for scoring, for instead of the wind just helping you towards fours at the 16th and 17th, it was doing its best to hinder; in fact local wise-acres declared it to be a very pig of a wind. North Hants is one of the meetings which everybody enjoys; things run on oiled wheels without anybody appearing to flourish the oil-can ostentatiously; the prizes are of the sort that really would make you forgive the pot-hunter; everybody is cheerful and

contented—as well they may be.

Perhaps Miss Gourlay, for the first eight holes of the morning round, must be left out of the contented category, for nothing went right, the short putts being the most reprehensible of all. And then at the 9th, down went a chip, after taking a little much-needed rest against the pin, and from that moment Miss Gourlay was herself again. In fact her 38 home, in the cold and with the wind where it was, represented remarkably effective golf, even if the ultra-critical complained that Miss Gourlay was still swinging a little shorter and faster than is her rhythmic wont. Even in that 38 there were three shots wasted on the green, one of them after a beautiful tee shot at the 15th which seemed to make a 2 something of a probability. She had gone out in 43, and nobody succeeded in bettering her 81 for the scratch prize, though her club-mate, Mrs. Lance Foley (one of the holders of the "Eve" Autumn Foursomes), was only 83 in spite of five missed putts of the sort of length which even a stony-hearted opponent would give you in a match. For a time it looked as if yet another Camberleyite, Miss Doris Chambers, was well set for scratch honours, for she was driving well with her steel shafts, but hickory in the irons does not seem as yet quite a reliable mixture with them, and from the 13th onwards it was a sad tale of chances thrown away.

But then, on cold days disasters will happen. There was that 9 of Miss Harley's at the 2nd hole, in spite of which she was round in 86, and there was a horrible debacle for Miss Uhtoff, Hampshire's captain, with the result that Mrs. Foley, as well as second scratch, won the first handicap with 77 net (par is 78).

And then in the afternoon, with the sun shining, what did Miss Chambers and Mrs. Kennedy proceed to do but return three up on par, though they only had two strokes to aid them.

Incidentally they were round in 75. Miss Gourlay and Miss Bayliss were second with 2 down, and Mrs. Foley was again to the fore with Mrs. Tarleton, only they lost the tie for third prize to Mrs. Alec Johnston and Mrs. Crombie.

As for the first county match of the season, Temple was the scene of action, Herts the victorious county by 5 matches to 2, Berks the victims. Herts started with a great flourish last year, but Bucks



Miss R. Garnham driving at Beaconsfield in the match between the Lady Golfers' Club and a team of local artisans. The latter won

eventually came through that subdivision. Perhaps Herts will go on this year as they have begun.

May 1 has been definitely fixed for the match between teams captained respectively by Miss Glenna Collett and Miss Molly Gourlay, and estimates of the numbers range from eight to twelve a side. It is sad, of course, that the date inevitably clashes with the finish of so many county championships; Miss Wragg, for instance, has been unable to desert Yorkshire's championship to accept the invitation to play, which is everybody's loss. But between the late arrival of the American players and the nearness of the championship no other moment was possible. Of course it is not an International match in the sense of the Walker Cup, but only a friendly invitation. All the same, we would like to see the British side give a good account of itself.

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

JUPPS, Sir Reginald. Born 1867. *Educ.* : Worthington College. Destined for Army, but failed to pass entrance Exam. Entered Parliament. Offered small position in circus, by one of his constituents, which he accepted. Played title-role in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," appearing first as Uncle Tom and later as the cabin, creating a name for himself in a single night. The name he created was Jupps which he still uses. Trustee of party funds 1919. Bought theatre 1920. *Club* : The United Worthingtonians.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Mirrored in these Morley stockings are the very latest whims of fashion. There is the painted and jewelled spider as well as the butterfly; they are indeed realistic. (See p. ii)

Graceful Evening Frocks.

THE fashions for the spring present a marked change, especially for evening wear. The short skirts have entirely disappeared, having given place to those that just clear the ground. There are the long, clinging lines until the bend of the leg is passed, when soft draperies, frills, and flounces come to the fore. The hips are moulded in the cleverest manner imaginable, and in some of the more extreme models enormous bows appear at the back of the *décolletage*, and it may be that the frills are slightly stiffened with horsehair. This effect is not very pronounced; it suggests that the dressmakers are trying out the idea. Another point of interest is that the neck-line is lower in front than last season; sometimes it is oval, sometimes square, or it may be "V"-shaped. A few of the corsages are arranged on cross-over lines, reinforced with a little vest.

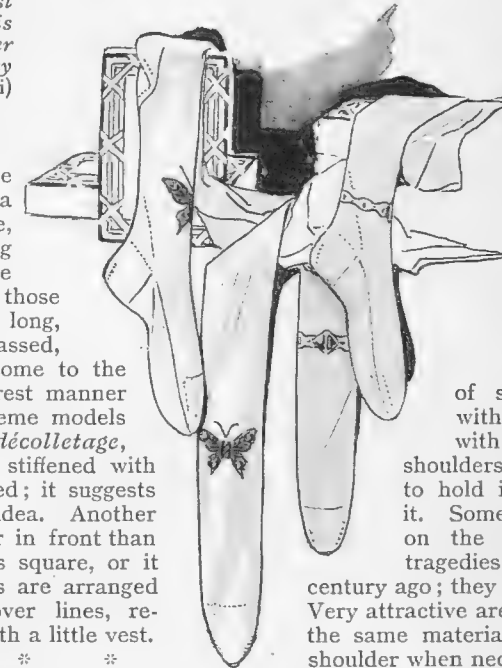
Chiffons and Lace.

THE fabricating mediums are the loveliest imaginable; there are chiffons, georgettes, silk marocains, and very soft satins and tissues. Laces are dyed every conceivable colour. On account of the amount of material used and the immense amount of work entailed by the much-discussed "simple sophistication," dresses are very costly this season, and it may be for this reason that black and white frocks are on the crest of the wave, as of course they remain undated far longer than a coloured ones. Much interest has been aroused in a new pink; it bears a striking resemblance to bon-bon but it is not quite so harsh.

The Evening Wrap.

NO dress is regarded as complete unless it has a wrap entirely its own; it must not have one that will do duty with any frock unless it be of ermine. The wearing of the short wrap is fraught with many difficulties; it must not be allowed to do just what it likes, if it does it takes unto itself a dowdy appearance. It must be wrapped tightly round the hips and held in position with the left hand, the dolman sleeves falling softly at the sides. A beautiful snow-white chiffon dress, which below the hips was a mass

This is a Tricoline weather coat, it is innocent of rubber but affords protection from wind, storm, or driving rain. It is featherweight and naturally ventilated. (See p. ii)



Embroidered anklets and simple clox decorate these Morley stockings, the star on the right being centred with a single gem. They are of pure silk

of soft billowy draperies, was recently seen with a coat of this character; it was reinforced with a small cape that rested lightly on the shoulders. The wearer never for a moment forgot to hold it tightly; when she danced she discarded it. Some of the jackets, as they are called, are cut on the same lines as those terrible black-cloth tragedies that women wore in the streets half a century ago; they are even waisted and trimmed with fur. Very attractive are the enormous handkerchiefs; they are of the same material as the dress and are draped over the shoulder when necessary.

Notes from Cannes.

Margaret Barry writes me from Cannes that she thinks that the prettiest dresses worn there are of lace or printed chiffon. The designs of the latter remind her of the lovely floral pictures at Kew Gardens. They cling to the figure and are long all round. She adds that the evening wraps are perfectly beautiful; they come just below the waist and always have white or silver fox collars. There are many capes treated in a similar way.

At the Casino.

Women with nice "legs," says Margaret Barry in her whimsical way, are still wearing dresses about the same length as last year at the Casino in the afternoon; some even shorter. However, the best-dressed women have adopted dresses that terminate three inches below the knees. The diamond brooch is well nigh ubiquitous; it is seen on the hat as well as on the dress. The *béret*—pronounced "bare-age"—is as modish as ever. White piqué accessories are seen with tweed frocks and jumper suits.



Already to greet the sunshine is this Tengol frock; the skirt is pleated and the bolero is reinforced with a vest and modish dog-collar arrangement. (See p. ii)

(Continued on p. ii)

Wash your face
with LUXURIA
every morning
and evening.
It cleanse
and nourishes
and whitens
your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



Picture by Blake Studios
A FASHIONABLE SUIT

Which may be seen in the Jaeger salons, 352, Oxford Street, W. It is a copy of a French model and consists of dress and coat. An attractive green and white mixture tweed has been used for its fashioning. The vest is of piqué and so is the flower

Ideal Stockings.

Stockings bearing the name of Morley are of exalted merit; they are sponsored by I. and R. Morley, 18, Wood Street, E.C., and sold practically everywhere. Before talking about details a few words about generalities must be said. In the first instance all the seams are flat, and one is never allowed to be present beneath the foot. Over the big toe there is special splicing, and all parts where there is friction are reinforced. They are made entirely of the best pure silk with mercerised welts and feet; the tops are wide and elastic—this is an immense advantage. The majority of them are available in over forty shades, including dago, terrapin, picasso, mauresque, ochre, sun-bronze, and prune-brown. The last-mentioned needs a very fine gauge, and there is no doubt about it that in the course of a few weeks it will be on the crest of the wave.

Decorative Stockings.

Not only are there Morley stockings with simple clox, but there are some very decorative affairs, illustrations of which appear on p. 552. The pair on the extreme left are enriched with a jewelled and painted embroidered spider; it is most realistic, and so are the butterflies which are seen on another pair. The anklets are embroidered and jewelled, and the star on the stocking on the extreme right is likewise decorated with a single gem.

Tricoline Weather Coats.

Until quite recently Tricoline was regarded as perfect for lingerie and summer frocks for women and shirts and pyjamas for the men-folk. Now it is being used for weather-coats. It has been submitted to the well-known Nicholson proof. These coats are featherweight, innocent of rubber; nevertheless they are naturally ventilated. They are cool and comfortable, and afford ample protection against wind, storm, and driving rain. Not only are there a variety of models (one of which is illustrated on p. 552) for women, but there are others for men. They are sold practically everywhere.

The Vogue for Tengol.

There is something particularly attractive about Tengol frocks and jumper-blouses; the new spring models are waiting to greet the spring sunshine. Attention must be drawn to the Tengol frock illustrated on p. 552; it is of a delicate egg-shell blue with white vest; note the modish dog-collar arrangement, the advantages of which are self-evident. Neither must it be overlooked that there are three-piece suits, all endowed with individual touches. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to F. and Co., Morley House, Regent Street, who will send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Very Important Days.

March 20 and 21 are very important days; as it is then that Jaeger, 352, Oxford Street, W., open their new sports fashion section. There will be models from Chanel, Patou, and Lanvin, and a host of other French dressmakers. There will be fit-form bathing suits and beach suits. Furthermore everyone will be interested in the serviceable fleeced-lined outfits for women who fly their own 'planes; they have divided skirts, and have been designed by an aviator.

In and Out of Town Suits.

The suit pictured on this page may be seen in the Jaeger salons; it is a copy of a French model and is as appropriate for in as out of town wear. It is of one of the new tweeds in a green and white mixture, is pleasantly priced at 13½ guineas, and consists of a dress and coat. The dress is an example of sophisticated simplicity the charm of which can only be appreciated by a careful study. Note the neat little white piqué vest studded with green and water-glass buttons. Then the flower in the coat is of piqué. There are many variations on this theme in a variety of colour schemes. There will also be shown the garments for which Jaeger have an enviable reputation in all quarters of the world, including camel-hair wrap-coats. In Paris Jaeger's sports suits are always warmly applauded, for they are perfectly practical and practically perfect.

dangerous gradients



CHRYSLER

gives motorists peace of mind
on long or treacherous hills

When the climb ahead is so long and tiresome that even a Chrysler engine might labour in top gear—snick! And the wonderful accelerating gear of the Chrysler multi-range gear-box gives you back full power without sound or fuss or effort.

When the road drops down from the summit—with endless tricky corners and sudden unexpected dips—Chrysler hydraulic brakes give velvety reassuring control, never varying, never harsh, always instant in action.

And whether your Chrysler is sweeping up like a rocket or gliding like a swallow, Chrysler rubber-cushioned suspension makes certain that the car will ride with unequalled smoothness on any surface.

Power—safety—steadiness—luxury! Never have you seen such cars for hills as the latest Chryslers.

Chrysler 77 with Chrysler multi-range gears. Chrysler 70 with Chrysler multi-range gears. Chrysler 66.

SEE 3 TYPES OF
CHRYSLERS

77 - 70 - 66

WITH A WIDE RANGE OF
BODY TYPES FOR CHOICE

IN YOUR DEALER'S
SHOWROOMS NOW!

CHRYSLER MOTORS, LTD., MORTLAKE ROAD, KEW GARDENS, SURREY.
Suppliers of Chrysler Marine Engines.

FASHIONABLE WEAR

That harmony must prevail between hat and ensemble is universally acknowledged. Therefore, Robert Heath, the notable hatter, has greatly enlarged his establishment at 37, Knightsbridge, and opened new salons, where fashions for in and out of town, together with evening frocks and wraps, reign supreme. Many of the models have come from Paris. It seems almost needless to add that the greatest consideration has been given to country clothes



Variety is the spice of life, and so it is of headgear. It is noticeable in these hats from Robert Heath. Bright and shiny is the red and white straw used for the hat above. It is trimmed with petersham. The model on the left is of felt with insertions of crochet. Then the veil is an important feature of the felt hat on the left, while the last of the quartet is carried out in a fancy silken straw

This frock of distinction is being shown by Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge. It is a witness to the fact that skirts have lengthened. It is expressed in black marocain. The quaint little cape is lined with and edged with white, and so are the simulated gauntlet cuffs. The hem of the skirt is scalloped, and the upper part of the vest is white. The belt emphasizes the higher waist-line, the scheme being completed with a black felt hat ornamented with insertions of silken twine crochet



Pictures by Blake Studios

BRADLEYS

for

**FINEST
VALUE**

IN

**FINEST
FURS**



*This coat in pure white
Russian Ermine appears
in the new collection of
Models now being display-
ed in Bradleys' Salons
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From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

the first run from Jane Ball. Bad luck dogged the Beatty household. Peter came to grief early on and was some time recovering his steed; next Lady Alexandra Haig, their guest, came down badly; and lastly, Lady Beatty took an imperial near John Ball. All bold riders, may they soon be in the saddle again! Our fox led over some delightful country in the Shearsby district on perfect going, but scent always failed us at the critical moment. Skeffington Hall formed a beautiful background for Thursday's meet. The Meltonians were in force. The field included the Earl of Dalkeith, M.F.H., Lady Blandford, and Mr. Marshall Field, whom we have seen too infrequently on his flying visits from over the pond. The Cottesmore lady with the label on her back attracted attention and made a fair haul for the Melton Hospital, but who will receive the horse? He lost a shoe. Quite the best thing of the season emanated from Shangton Holt, hounds running all out for sixty-five minutes, and they killed their fox in the open. A fine performance which impressed our visitors.

From the Heythrop

As this is to be the last letter published this season, it may interest readers during the summer months to discover how many names of Heythrop members and subscribers can be identified in the following narrative: "I lay on a hill of moss with the young moon above me, gazing over the white acres beneath, which had been dug and dug again, to the wood beyond where only last spring I was chased out for nutting. Never shall I forget the sword-like stubbs in that wood; each ham brought forth blood, and they hurt me daily when I sit well on them, but I am gradually getting freer of the pain. May all take my warning and shun 'em, and they will be wise fellows. As I was thus musing a car drove up; I think it was a Morris, with bright head-lamps like two large brass eyes, which enabled its driver to see more clearly and stop the car becoming wriggly. 'I am a tailor,' said the man, 'and may I sell you a suit?' Knowing that men have wills of their own, I replied, 'Great Scot, NO!' and at the same time felt rather savage. 'But,' continued the man, 'I supply the King in his hard castle and his Lord Chamberlain, to say nothing of his butler and his cook's son.' 'What? You supply the cook and her son? Do you ever cheat 'em?' 'No, sir,' came the reply, 'I have not the wits nor the courage, and I am a Freemason.' Being nonplussed by this retort I advised my friend to try all the local parsons, and hasting away I went down to the Bray brook, being a fisher, and set my baits, for I bar nets, of rice for the roach, which is an eely sort of fish. And so to bed."

From the York and Ainsty

Thursday, March 6, was an important date in the annals of the North pack, for on that day their Master carried the trumpet for the first time, meeting at Marton-cum-Grafton; scent however was bad owing to the warm, springlike weather we've been having, nor could the South pack do much at Skipwith, though Mattie and Percy carried out a vigorous personal pursuit of Jack's outlying fox on the Thicket estate. Sessay was another scentless day, but we were honoured with the presence of several crashers from the Bedale. There was an unexpected fall of snow at Oxtou on Tuesday, but it all went, and we had a fair day, with hunts from Steeton and Colton Hagg. On the 15th it was a case of—

Let others joke with the Bramham folk, and to Wetherby wend their way. But we'll have a spin from Laytham Whin and one more Foggathorpe day.

We are told these are to be our final notes, so let us wind them up by expressing three hopes: (1) That Piers and David have enjoyed their hunting as much as we have; (2) that Charlie Littleworth will soon be fit and well again; (3) that the misguided souls who follow hounds in cars will do so much motoring during the summer that they'll be sick of it before next season.

From Lincolnshire

Twelve o'clock meets, alas, are a sure sign that the end is near! This season will long be remembered as one of the most open on record, there hardly having been any stops for frost and very few for fog—the two worst spectres we hunting people are called upon to face. In spite of the open winter it has not been a good scenting season, and real tip-top hunts have been few and far between. Still, in most countries more than an average number of foxes have met their fate, some in the orthodox way and others for lack of enterprise. We shall be packing up this season earlier than usual, though some hunts may go on till their point-to-point meetings early in April. One outcome of this wonderfully open season is that cubs have already been seen. A serious misfortune has overtaken the Southwold kennels in that some thirty couples are down with distemper, and Colonel Munby has been reduced to hunting a pack of not more than nine or ten couples. Notwithstanding this difficulty, it is astonishing how well these few hounds have done, especially in the big woodlands bordering on Woodhall Spa; indeed, sport occasionally has been carried on so late that it has all but required a candle and lantern to finish.

Owing to the great pressure on our space and the enthusiasm of some of our correspondents, reports from some other packs have had to be left out to our great regret. These hunting notes will now be discontinued.

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Pictures in the Fire

—continued.

will be snapped up as fast as its printers (Gale and Polden) can turn it out. "Snaffles" is his own publisher, which is brave of him, but I am sure he need not be in doubt as to the result. If I began to try to pick out the pictures I like best I should end up much as Mr. Omar Khayyám did when he went through the swing-doors of his favourite pub! The ones of the elephants are wonderful. It almost brings back the *et ab odore insolitu* feeling, the thing which, when Hannibal attacked with the tank of his period, so upset the horses of the Roman cavalry. These pictures make you feel the dust in your nostrils once more, and the blistering heat of the "Solar Myth" which nearly sears the eyeballs out of you:

You can feel the dust in your nostrils
And the scorch of the "Solar Myth"
That laughs at the liars from Blighty,
And scoffs at two inches of pith.

And this isn't from Mr. Kipper, but true just the same! A real good picture—and a portrait at that—is "The Tiger," a Horse-Gunner, who I believe is so brave and tough that even to look at him makes the stoutest heart quail! He is seen putting a bit of a new edge and point on one of his spears, as no doubt you and I remember having done many a time. All the Kadir pictures are masterpieces, and one in particular will bring back a memory or two to some. It is called "The Mother and Father of a Jerk." You can almost feel what is going to happen when that horse's quarters hit the floor. The pig has jinked bang on the lip of a dry nullah, and the gallant artist has taken it bustle over hairpins into the abyss. If he only breaks a collar-bone he is lucky. The Peshawur Vale ought to buy the original of the one of their field jumping one



Arthur Owen
MRS. DUDLEY COATS AND MRS. IVOR HEDLEY

At a Pytchley fixture last week. Mrs. Dudley Coats was formerly Miss Audrey James. The Pytchley have had a wonderfully good season and some really star hunts. The wire committees and the excellent stopping arrangements are in no small measure accountable for this happy result

of those things they call "grid-irons" up in them parts—irrigation ditches high-banked, always in pairs and sometimes in triplicates. The Mountain Gunners' picture is marvellous. It is "set to" Kipper's poem:—

Smokin' me pipe on the mountings, sniffin'
the mornin' cool,
I walks in me old brown gaiters along o' me
old brown mule.

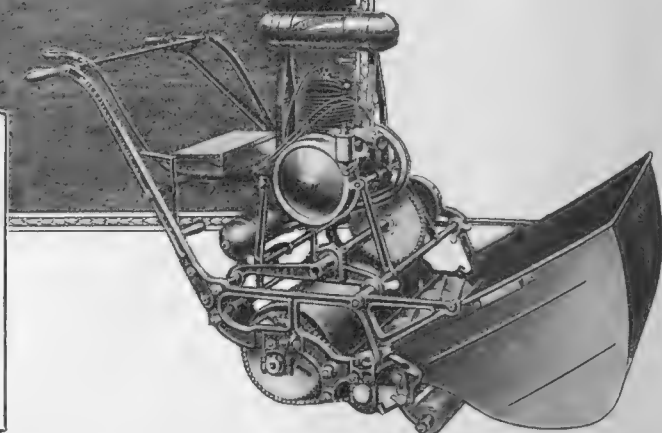
The types "Snaffles" has got of the Bad Men Sir Enery Orpington, as a famous artist who once described to me, could beat. The *Dusm* here come back, smell and all! My felicitations upon a quite remarkable achievement!

I see by the papers that an artist is very busy painting a subject picture for the coming Galanty Show at Burlington House of the Orthopædic Hospital, and I feel sure will make a very interesting success of it, and as we are talking about subject pictures I wonder why it has never occurred to any artist to paint one of Mr. Bernard Shaw lunching at Simpson's with Mr. Eustace Miles? It would make a fitting canvas for, say, the Hon. John Collier, who has always been fond of the problem picture. If landscape "subject" pictures are needed, or an interior problem picture, what a rich field lies open to the artist who could give us "The Stately Homes of England in the Post B.B.C. Period," with perhaps a throw-back picture of the Pre-B.B.C. period. What a chance! The light and shade contrast is most attractive, I think—the one a turmoil of squawling sopranos and squeaky tenors, and noise made by gentlemen giving what they call a "Point of View"—interspersed with bandsmen, who convey the impression that they must be very wet smokers—the other, a headacheless Nirvana with never a bray to disturb its soothing colour scheme.



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Fifty-Fifty—continued

"Don't act the goat," said Perkins. "Ye knew damn well there were only two animals in the race. You went and put a pony on me I suppose, and then hid so that I couldn't . . ."

"You're a liar, I didn't," whispered Digby. "Where would I get a pony? I'm trying, I tell ye. I have to. At the weights I'm two lengths . . ."

"Curse it," said Perkins. "Then you have no bet on?"

"No."

"It's too late now."

"Will ye leave it to me?" said Digby eagerly.

"What's the use now?" said Perkins. "It's too late to put on a bet."

"I'll fix that," said Digby. "How much d'ye want put on?"

"How are ye going to manage it?"

"Hurry, for God's sake. How much?"

"Two hundred."

"Right."

They both broke into a canter. After a few strides Digby suddenly leaned forward and fumbled with his saddle-girth. Then he pulled up his horse, turned him, and rode back to the gate. A man rushed up.

"Tighten this girth for me," said Digby.

While the man pretended to tighten the girth Digby gave him the commission. Then he turned his horse once more and galloped away to the post. As he was passing the stands he heard a bookmaker call:

"Even money Centipede. Two to one Dog's Meat. Hundred to eight bar a couple."

"Money for jam," whispered Digby to himself, grinning from ear to ear.



THE BARONESS ANNA BORAGNO AND A FEW FRIENDS

The only daughter of the Baron and Baroness Boragno of Rome, holding a doll given to her by the Crown Princess of Italy. The big doll on the left was a gift from the Crown Princess of Belgium; that on the extreme right from the Crown Princess of Norway, while the little doll standing was given her by Princess Ingrid of Sweden—a most aristocratic family in fact!

Perkins was waiting for him at the post. He came alongside as they were manoeuvring for the start and whispered:

"Did ye work it?"

"Yes," said Digby. "I put one fifty on for you and another fifty for myself. I got two to one. In case of accidents I'll see ye right for fifty."

"Right," said Perkins. "There'll be no accidents unless one of those crocks beat you. You make the pace. I'll lie well back and come when there's no danger. I've got to make a show but I'll make pretty certain."

"Right you are, Titch," said Digby.

The flag went up. The horses lined up to the tape. They were off to an excellent start in line. Dog's Meat sprang to the front, but Centipede, for some reason that could be explained only by his jockey, did not get into his stride as quickly as was customary with that good horse. When they had gone a furlong he was last, two lengths behind the nearest horse and still refusing to settle down. Dog's Meat, on the contrary, was going great guns and setting the very devil of a pace.

The race, however, was over a mile and a half of the course, and the spectators looked wisely at one another between intervals of watching the horses through their field glasses. Those who had backed Centipede said confidently, with that stupid and utterly senseless confidence of the gambler who persists in believing that knowledge of horses and of riding has anything to do with picking a winner in a race, that the issue was safe with Centipede.

"Perkins is waiting with him," they whispered. "Just wait till they reach the elbow."

(Continued on p. 20)

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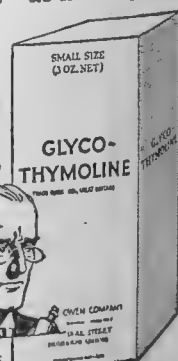
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Fifty-Fifty—continued

And surely enough, when the field reached the elbow and wheeled into the straight, Centipede began to move up on the outside, passing a horse almost at every stride. The race became exciting. People began to cheer. There were cries of "Come on Titch, come on Centipede, you beauty," and finally, when Dog's Meat was a hundred yards from the post, with Centipede gaining rapidly, there was a great roar:

"The favourite. The favourite walks it."

But of course the favourite did not walk it. Perkins took good care, consummate rider that he is, that Centipede just got beaten half a length. There were cheers from the backers of Dog's Meat, and the backers of Centipede said to one another that Perkins had made a mistake for once in his life by waiting too long.

Perkins had indeed made a mistake, as he later discovered. After explaining to the owner of Centipede (who had dropped £300 on his horse) that the animal could not be got to race until it was too late, Perkins got dressed and left for town. It was his last ride of the day. That evening he went to look for Digby at the hotel which they frequented. He found Digby in the smoke-room getting merry with some friends. They went to a private place.

"I've got that money for you, Titch," said Digby.

"Pass it along," said Perkins, winking and rubbing his hands.

Digby took out an envelope and gave it to Perkins. "One hundred quid," he said, "minus the betting tax. That's right, isn't it?"

Perkins' jaw dropped.

"Where dye get that stuff?" he said. "Didn't ye tell me ye put one hundred and fifty on for me at two to one?"

"No, I didn't," said Digby. "I said fifty-fifty. Fifty for you, fifty for me. Halves, ye see?"

"You're a liar," said Perkins.

"Hand me over another two hundred."

"Hanged if I will," said Digby. "Sure ye wouldn't have anything on only for me, and anyway I won the race and I'd have made . . ."

"Give me that two hundred quid," said Perkins, "or I'll murder ye, you daylight robber."

"Begob ye couldn't murder me in a week of years," said Digby.

They jumped at one another's throats and made a wreck of the place and of one another, so that a crowd gathered and heard what the fight was about; and it all ended by getting to the ears of the stewards, with the result that Perkins and Digby were suspended indefinitely from the privilege of riding.

They are still suspended and I hope they remain suspended, for it's a true story, and I had backed Centipede myself that day.

The long arm of Justice overtakes even the most astute!



AT THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND DRAG BALL

A most successful entertainment held at the Officers' Club, Aldershot, last week. The camera opened fire at supper in this case and the people in the picture are: Lieut.-Colonel Renny-Tailyour, Mrs. K. J. Seth-Smith, Captain K. J. Seth-Smith, Mrs. Sykes, Mr. Arthur and Miss Anne Harris-St. John





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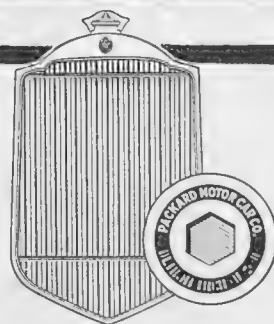
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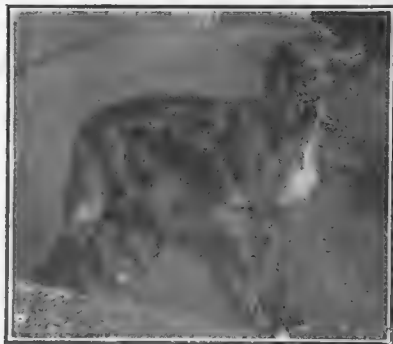
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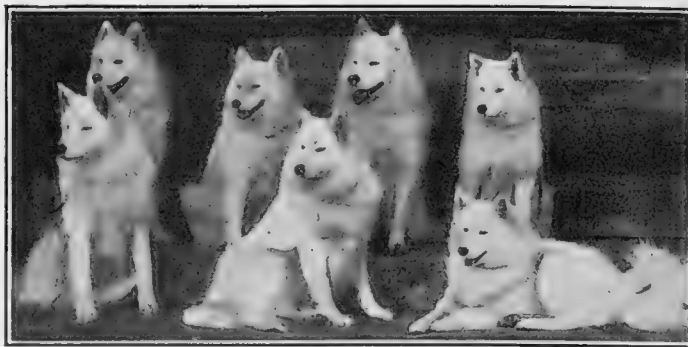
Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

A meeting of the Show Committee was held on March 4, Lady Howe, chairman, presiding. A great deal of business in connection with the Open Show was transacted. The following are the judges who have accepted up to date. Alsations, Mrs. Coxhill; Obedience Classes, Mr. Nash; Afghans, Herr Jungling; Borzois, Mr. Ingram; Deerhounds, Mr. Holt; Elkhounds, Mrs. Powell; Irish Wolfhounds, Mr. Loraine; Great Danes, Mrs. Blackler; Newfoundlands, Miss Crump; St. Bernards, Miss Watts; O.E. Sheepdogs, Miss Palmer; Greyhounds, Whippets, and Bedlington, Mr. Morris; Keeshounden, Miss Hastings; Bulldogs, Mr. Sam Woodiwiess; Collies, Mr. Pike; Dalmatians, Dr. Hackney; Poodles, Mrs. Hudson; Chow Chows, Mrs. Graham Williams; Labradors, Mr. Carbey; Golden Retrievers, Field and Sussex Spaniels, Mr. Phillips; Pointers, English and Irish Setters, Colonel Wilson; Clumbers and Welsh Springers, Mr. Kelland; Cockers, Mrs. Fytche; Airedales and Wire Fox Terriers, Mr. Glynn; Borders, Mr. Thompson; Bull Terriers, Mr. Saunders; Dandie Dinmonts, Major Hope; Smooth Fox Terriers, Mrs. Hughes; Scotties and Sealyhams, Mr. Harriman; Skyes, Lady Marcia Miles; West Highlanders, Mrs. Barber; Dachshunds, Mrs. Saunders; Wire-haired Dachshunds, Miss Dixon; French Bulldogs, Mr. Townsend Green; Schipperkes, Mrs. Preston Whyte; Shetland Sheepdogs, Miss Tod; Welsh Corgis, Mr. James; Japanese, Mrs. Lloyd; Italian Greyhounds and Pugs, Miss Gilpin; Papillons, Mr. Moffatt; Pekingese, Lady Hunloke; Pomeranians, Mrs. Jacks; King Charles, Mrs. Gabb; (old type), Mrs. Carlo Clarke; Yorkshire Terriers, Mrs. Hawley Clarke; Bloodhounds, Mastiffs, Foreign Dogs, Lhasa, Lakeland, and Australian Terriers, Irish Water Spaniels, Beagles, Welsh Terriers, and Black and Tan Miniatures, Mrs. W. Nichols;



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SAMOEDEDES

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have that natural cleanliness and adaptability to house life which seems a characteristic of all dogs of that type. As we all know, Samoyedes were originally employed as sledge dogs, and they combine great strength and bone with beauty of coat and expression in a way that makes them very attractive. Miss Keyte Perry's ardent wish is that they should become better known and appreciated, and she could not go to work in a better way than showing the beautiful dogs she does. She has some lovely puppies for disposal now.

I hear from Miss Curtis that she has a young Griffon lady who she wishes to place in a nice home. The lady is red and is full of character and "very taking," but she is too large to show. Miss Curtis would take a moderate price to a suitable home.

Mrs. Stratton sends a photograph of the deerhound that I mentioned last week. He is house-trained and is an excellent companion, besides being a winner and very good-looking, as his photograph shows.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Salukis, Samoyedes, and Maltese, Mr. Theo Marples; Schnauzers, Bull Mastiffs, and Bearded Collies, Mr. Croxton Smith.

All show-goers well know Miss Perry's beautiful team of Samoyedes, of which I am delighted to give a photograph. Miss Keyte Perry says there is no breed like them for beauty, intelligence, and charm. She made the acquaintance of her first one quite by chance, as it was given to her as a birthday present, and as puppies they are truly fascinating. From this small beginning she now owns one of the largest and best kennels of these dogs in the world, including several champions, two of which, Champion Loga and Champion Riga of the Arctic, are in the photograph. All Miss Keyte Perry's dogs are trained to the house and are friends and companions, and they



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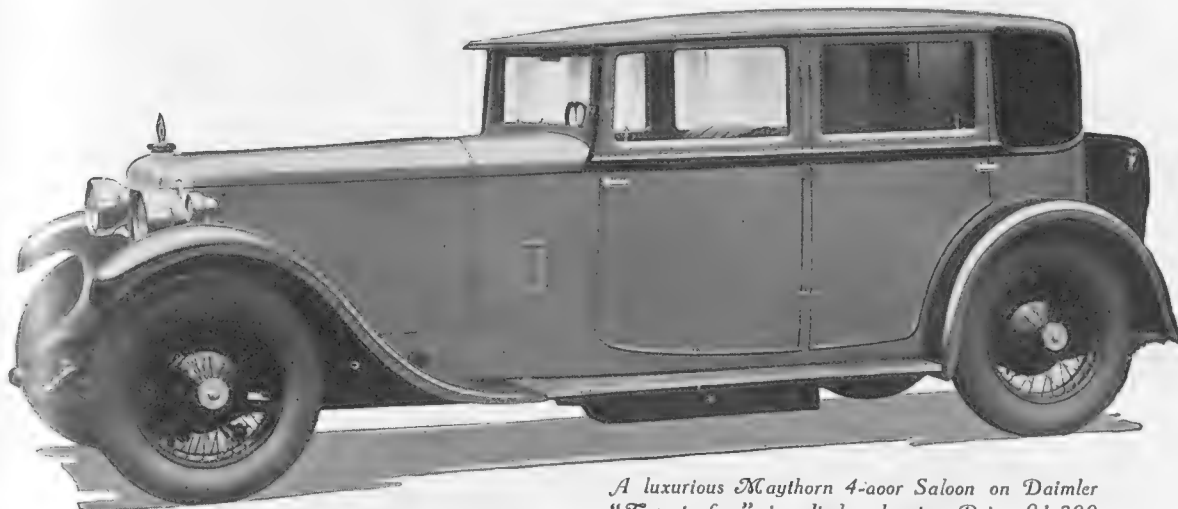
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Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Social Aeronautics.

TOO much attention is paid to the commercial and military aspects of flying and too little to the social aspects. Aviation, in fact, is inclined to turn the ugly side of its face towards the camera. Yet as a social stimulus the aeroplane is out-distanced only by cock-tails and cocaine. As an excuse for the exchange of those squashed-out squeals which nowadays pass for conversation, nothing can compare with it. It provides ideal opportunities for the malicious aside, the ill-natured reflection, the stinging neologism, and the comic curse-work. A talkie film has aroused some comment lately by employing a word, or a word like a word that is defined in the greatest of all dictionaries as "a term of endearment among sailors." The aviator, with the aid of aeronautical terms and phrases, can often obtain an equally explosive effect without disturbing our mock-moral Press or our far-smelling censors. He coins new words and expressions; he speaks in a special language, with the tongues of men and of angels (fitted with either the Cirrus or the Gipsy engine). The social side of flying is at once the most important and the most neglected side. Fortunately at Hanworth the social side has been developed as it deserves to be. It has grown largely as a result of the work of Squadron-Leader Rodney and his assistants.

Any day at Hanworth one may hear aeronautical terms interlarded with the tea and the lunch: "It was terribly [bumpy, and once I dropped

about a hundred feet." ". . . his engine cut out and he made a revoltingly flat turn." ". . . she's as heavy as lead on the ailerons." ". . . suddenly dropped her left wing." ". . . began to spin." ". . . stalled." ". . . crash." ". . . bump." ". . . zoom."

Air Meetings.

National Flying Services have arranged twelve flying meetings this year, three of them at Hanworth. Mr. Schofield and his circus will perform at these meetings, which I fully expect to be among the most popular events of the year. Indeed it may be that in time they will become as much a part of London's social programme as certain horse race meetings. Hanworth provides the right setting for such august functions. Approaching the air meeting of the future one will feel inclined to echo Mr. Thesiger's words at the Gate Theatre as he puts on his white gloves preparatory to going out to be eaten by the lions, "This is an occasion." Air meetings, when they are held in the right place by the right people, are definitely becoming "occasions."

The Brooklands School has also developed the social side of flying. Its garden party was, so I hear, for I was not there, highly successful. My informant complained that there was too much theatrical business about it and that as a result the suspicion crossed his mind that a commercial purpose was in the background.

But this is an unworthy quibble. Mr. H. Broad gave a flying display in a Moth. His aerobatic technique continually improves, to the astonishment of all. For each time he performs it seems that perfection has been attained and that further improvement is impossible.



King & Co.
MR. C. R. FAIREY

Who played for the Aero Golfing Society at Richmond last week, when it won its match v. The Music Industries



King & Co.
MR. H. E. PERRIN

The Secretary of the Royal Aero Club, another player for the Aero Golfing Society v. The Music Industries last week

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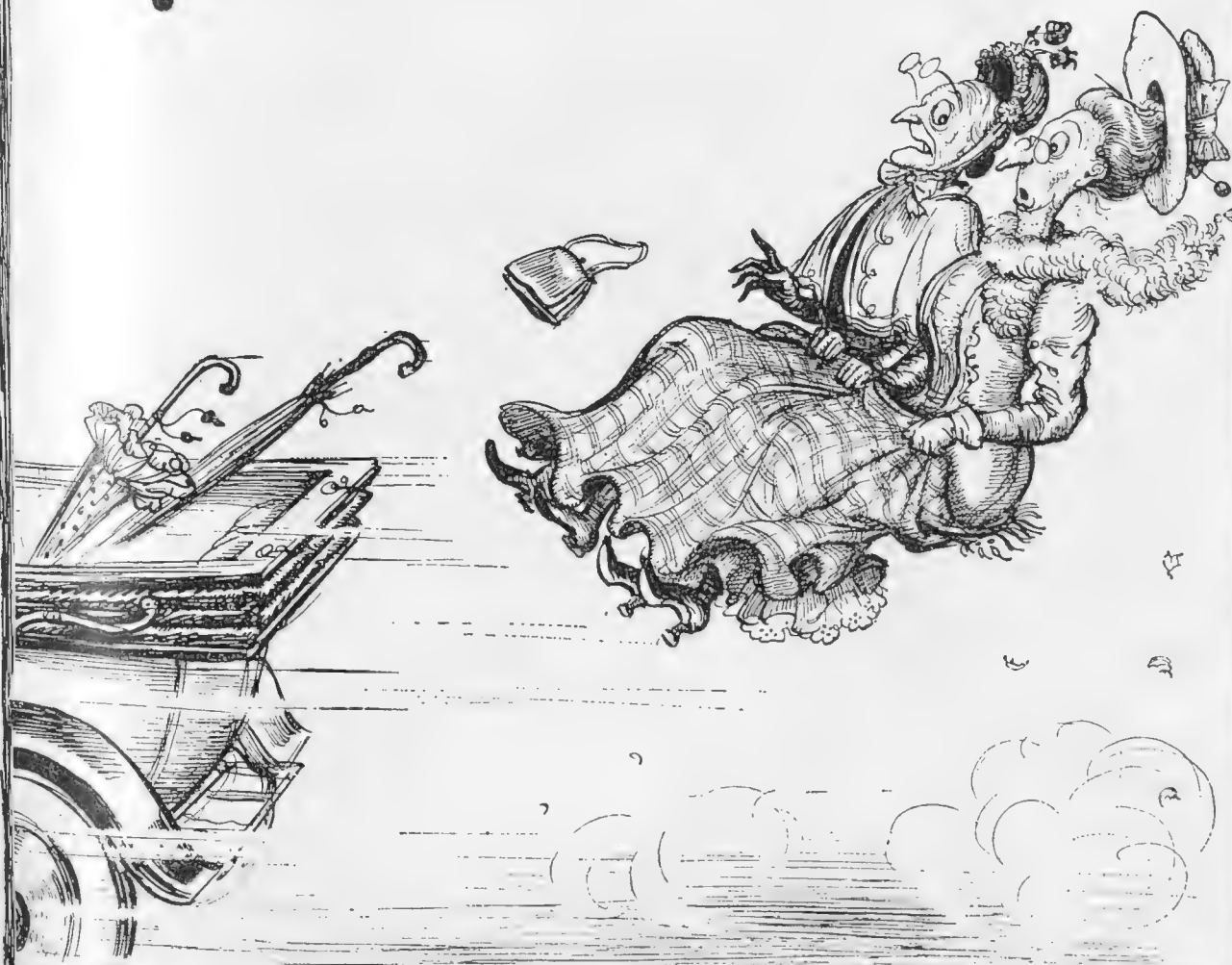


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this is due to the
quick-starting of 'Shell!'"



Stuart

CAR CAMEOS

The 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce

I had not had an opportunity of taking a New Phantom out for an airing since the latest type of cylinder head has become a standard fitting. This came into use a few months ago. It may be remembered that it is of aluminium alloy—not so much for lightness as making for uniform heat distribution—and that the two plugs are set at opposite sides of the combustion head. The last Rolls I had driven was so extremely good in every conceivable respect that I was curious to see whether the new head was a real improvement. It is.

Without the slightest sacrifice in silence, in india-rubberiness (excuse this expression, but I cannot think of a better), in effortlessness, and indeed in all the qualities that distinguish the Rolls-Royce power-plant from all others, there is more power than ever, more ginger in acceleration and, I believe, a slightly higher maximum speed. The new arrangement of the plugs should, without doubt, improve the running cleanliness of the engine by contributing to a more complete combustion.

As to the rest, the finest car in the world is yet a little nearer perfection—I think each chassis is a tiny bit better than that next before it—and the joy it gives to its drivers is consequently still more difficult to describe

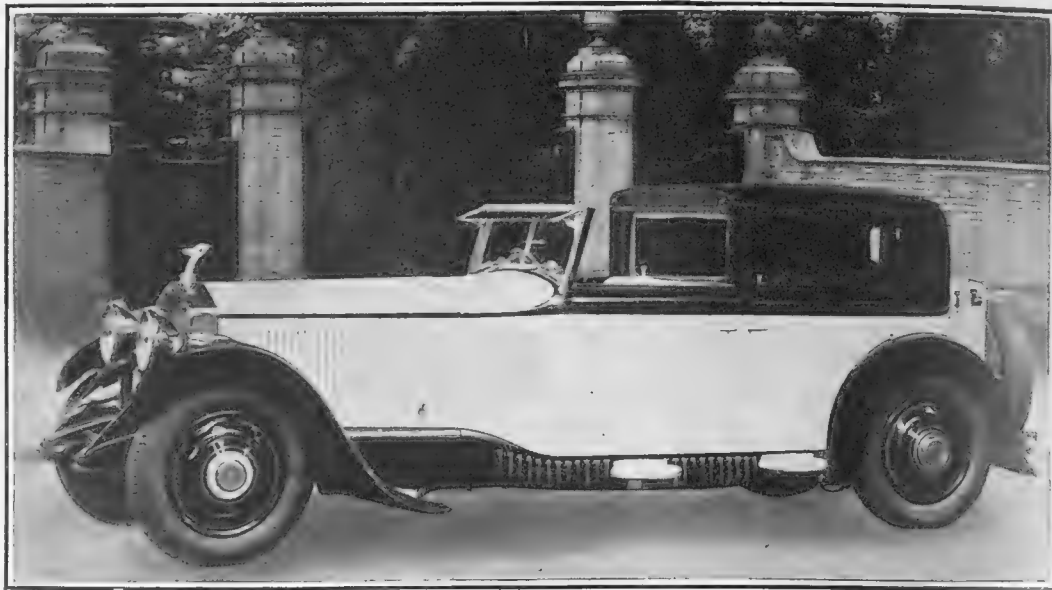
even with an unlimited string of superlatives. It is curious that such a noble and essentially aristocratic piece of mechanism should most convincingly declare its character in abject servility to its master at the wheel. It is so implicitly obedient, so utterly faithful in its interpretation of the human command as to seem almost to have no will of its own. And yet there was never a car with such personality.

Equally there was never one that was less affected by road conditions.

Bumpy narrow lanes, vile-surfaced freeways, hills, and the latest in main highways—these seem to come alike under the wonderful suspension, that, too, appears to take no notice of variations of load and speed. There is magic in the shock-absorbers, for they deal as easily with a hump-backed bridge taken at a low speed as with a pothole at ten.

The Rolls I tried was fitted with a Thrupp and Maberly enclosed limousine de ville—a body well worthy of the chassis. I can honestly assert that I have never seen or ridden in anything better. It can be used in any one of three forms, in all of

which it is the quintessence of comfort and convenience, and is equally suitable for owner or servant driving. The lines and the finish, both internal and external, are irreproachable. I was left with the very strong impression that the old-established coach-builder has lost none of his cunning, as of course he has not; in fact he has probably increased it a good deal.



A 40/50-H.P. PHANTOM II ROLLS-ROYCE



The 20 h.p. Special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught Enclosed Landaulette. £895 complete Car, including self-changing 4-speed gearbox.

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whimsicalities. For the style of Lincoln is founded upon a depth of quality, luxury, comfort, safety and beauty.

The causes of Lincoln's unusual prestige are not far to seek. It originates in one of the noted precision works of the world. Ford resources are Lincoln's. In building it, ability and pride of workmanship are developed to a degree seldom visioned in industrial enterprise.

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You are invited to inspect a full range of Lincoln models at 16 Albemarle Street, London, W. 1. Correspondence is welcomed at Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Co., Ltd., 93 Regent St., London, W. 1. Telephone: Regent 0013.

THE LINCOLN

Petrol Vapour

—continued

course, a supply of useless sand. Admirers of the gentle art of bureaucracy will observe what a beautiful chance is here presented for the employment of a veritable army of inspectors. Well might a great judge say last week that we now have so many regulations that it is quite impossible for anyone to obey them all. Now I do not mind having to buy extinguishers, but what I do feel rather hurt about is that our great organisations which are popularly supposed to represent motoring interests do not appear to have opposed an Act which inflicts another expense upon the car-owner of shallow pocket. I have no statistics at hand, but I assume that fires in private garages occur relatively seldom. Well, the only thing is to hope that the insurance companies, world-renowned for their bursting generosity, will give us a rebate on account of the manifest reduction of their fire risk. But what a hope! I repeat—what a hope!

Shows.

This last week I attended at the Hanover Square showrooms of Jack Barclay, Ltd., to inspect an especially fine display of various Bentley models. It was calculated to irrigate the mouth of any



AT THE SAPPERS' POINT-TO-POINT

A group at Ashridge Wood near Wokingham, where the R.E. held their point-to-point last week. The names are Lord and Lady Northesk and Mr. and Mrs. Ford. Lady Northesk was Miss Elizabeth Vlasto

sporting car enthusiast, for I suppose that no such collection of really fast cars has ever before been got together under one roof. In particular I was intrigued with the new type of fabric body building which, in respect of finish, is hardly distinguishable from the highest-class coachbuilt panelling. And again, what a charming vehicle is the long wheel base speed Six. You can almost get the thrill of pace by merely looking at its lines.

More Shows.

A very big and important affair this week is the Maidstone Motor Show, the tenth of a series organised by Rootes, Ltd., and of its kind unique. Here they have a hundred cars on view, all British, and all the very latest, including Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam, Austin, and Standard. In many cases models or modifications are on view that have been introduced since Olympia. One of the features of this exhibition, which has become an annual fixture of importance to all men of Kent and Kentish men is the Austin Seven section, in which almost every development of

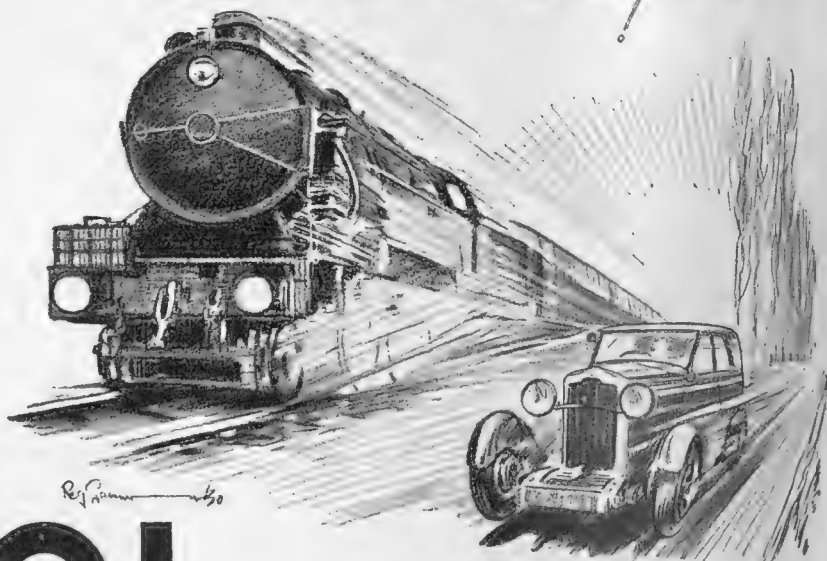
this amazing little car is to be found. And talking of motor shows I am asked to remind the motor-minded reader that a Special Motor Number of THE TATLER is to be published on April 2.

ROVER beats the BLUE TRAIN

FOR twenty hours on end, the little ROVER Light Six raced the lordly Blue Train from the Riviera. Despite darkness and fog, the ROVER beat the Train by 20 minutes over the 750 miles from St. Raphael to Calais—averaging 38 miles per hour.

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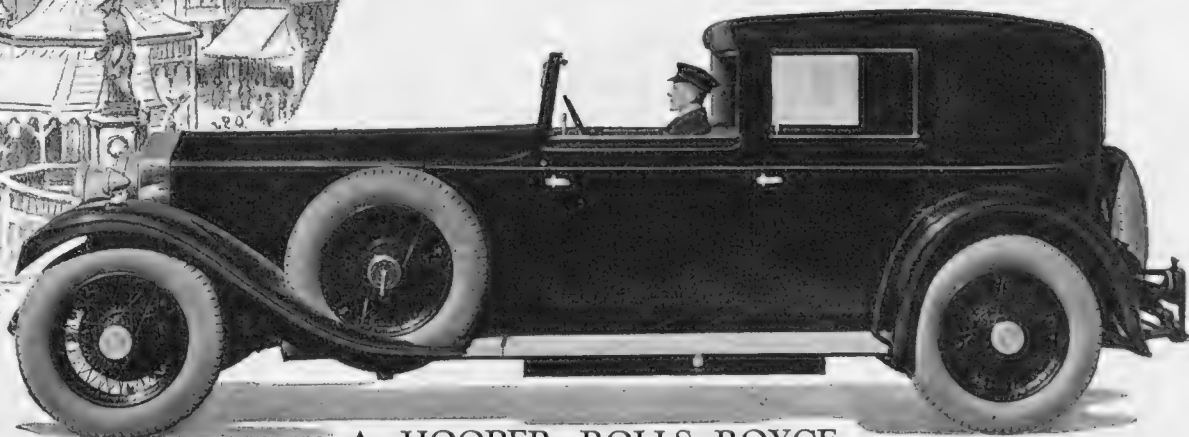
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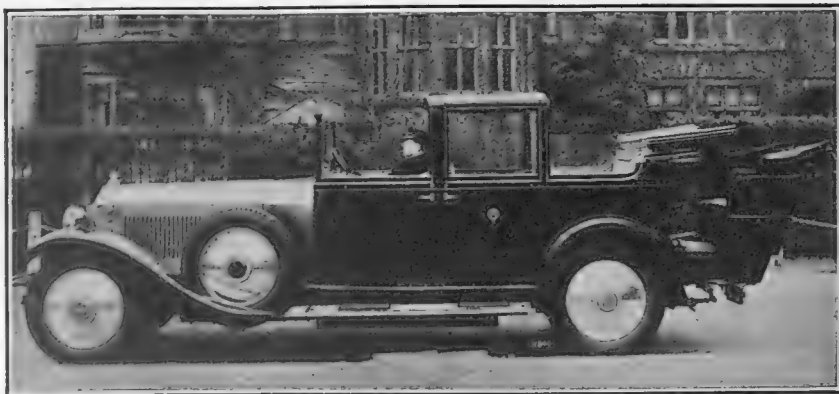
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The GRABEN, Vienna.



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE



HOOPER ENCLOSED LANDAULETTE WITH DE VILLE EXTENSION ON 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM II CHASSIS

Recently supplied to H.M. the Negus Taffari of Abyssinia. The body panels are painted royal blue with black mouldings, wings, and valances. There is a gold line on the mouldings, and the bonnet and scuttle are polished. The interior is upholstered in fawn cloth, and polished walnut woodwork is allied to ivory fittings. The door handles are of chased solid silver, and on the doors are emblazoned the arms and monogram of Abyssinia. On the radiator cap is a silver crown. The Hooper quick-action signal window is fitted to the driver's compartment. At the back of the body is a rumble seat for two footmen, under the rumble is a receptacle to take two trunks. Triplex glass is supplied throughout

Motor Notes and News

An excited Bournemouth crowd gave the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, the famous motorist, an eager reception when she arrived at Bournemouth to open the week's exhibition of Hillman cars. The distinguished visitor came along from the Royal Bath Hotel, where she had stayed overnight, driving the cream-coloured Hillman Straight Eight Segrave model car which she herself piloted recently from the Arctic regions to Monte Carlo. A specially hearty welcome was arranged by Major Sharp, the Bournemouth Hillman agent, who mentioned the wonderful feat that Mrs. Bruce achieved in driving a motor-car around a track at Monthlery for twenty-four hours, averaging practically 90 m.p.h. Other people attempting that had changed

drivers every six hours, but had not succeeded in beating the record which Mrs. Bruce achieved single-handed. Mrs. Bruce also holds the world's record of covering 9,000 miles of land and water in eight weeks. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, in this particular case, had carried the flag through several countries of Europe, and had maintained the reputation of Britain and British motorists and cars. She must have done a lot for the British Empire. "She has shown," said the Major in closing, "what British drivers and British cars can do; and has, in particular, shown us what a wonderful, sound car the Straight Eight Hillman must be."

"I am very pleased to be here to-day," said Mrs. Bruce, "to open the Hillmann show for the Westover Garage. I remember the topping time I had at the Bournemouth Rally some time ago, when the Westover Garage was so good to us." Marks being given for distance, Mrs. Bruce explained she chose Sundsvaal in the far north as the starting point for her run to Monte Carlo. To get to Sundsvaal she had to drive through six countries and across the Big and Little Belt. Plenty of alarming experiences befell her before she actually reached the starting point. At a spot 20 miles this side of Sundsvaal, the car started slithering down an ice-bound hill.

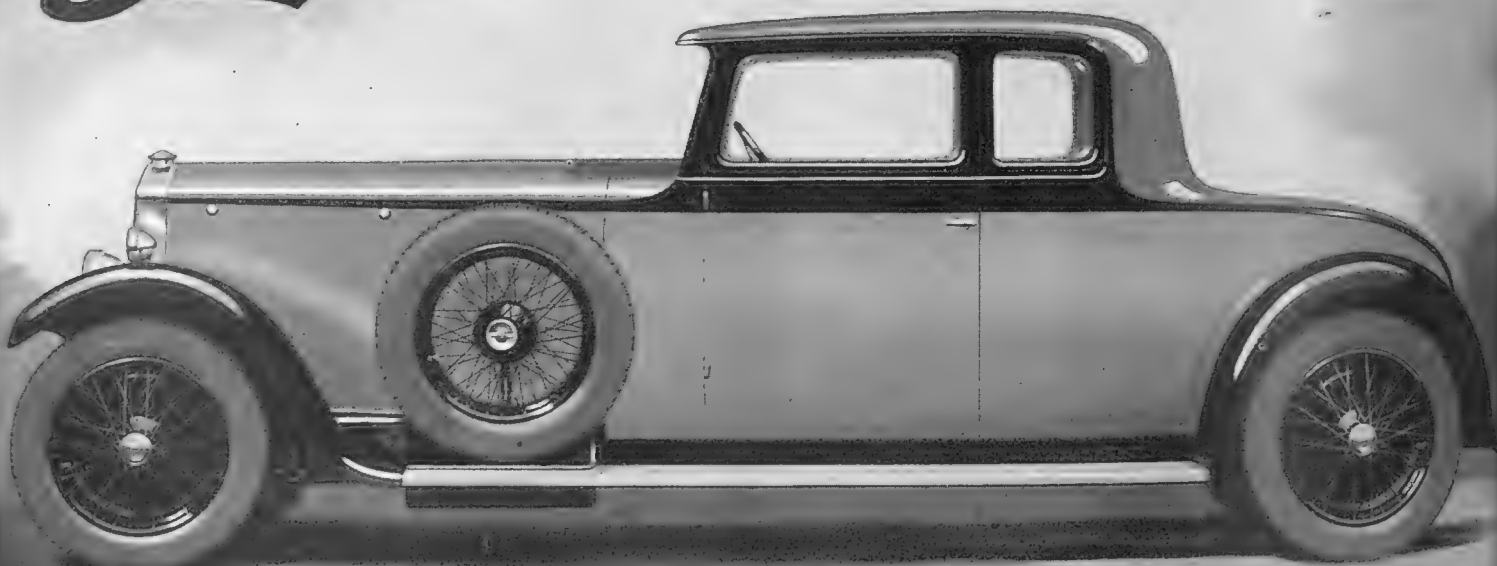


THE HON. MRS. BRUCE

With her Hillman Straight Eight at Bournemouth

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The Best of the Straight Eights



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L.F.W.I

RUGBY RAMBLINGS—continued.

towards making our path to the Championship smoother. There are many more unlikely results than their beating France, though one would fancy their chances more if the match were played before W. W. Wakefield's set forth on their long trek. It is not easy to replace a full-back of the calibre of J. Bassett, the Penarth policeman, probably the finest back in the five countries to-day. And there will be other absentees, though perhaps none of these others would be absolutely sure of selection by that extraordinarily erratic body the Welsh Selection Committee.

Their performances are all the more curious because, not so many years ago, the Welsh selectors were held to be the soundest of all, and the many victories gained by Wales seemed to confirm this view. It is, I believe, true that they do not choose the teams for the trial matches, that duty being discharged by entirely different people, so they ought not, perhaps, to be held entirely responsible for the defeats which Wales usually sustain nowadays at the beginning of the season. But what a system!

G. M. Sladen and T. S. Lee so disappointed their friends and admirers in the Army v. Navy match that it was all the more gratifying to see them play such a determined game against the London Scottish the other day, when between them they pulled a match out of the fire after it appeared to be lost beyond recovery. The Scottish had a very strong side out, including seven Internationals, and the Services were not at full strength, so the Scottish lead of eight points at half time seemed conclusive. But the Services had a different opinion, and with G. M.

Sladen at scrum half and T. S. Lee as his partner, they actually scored three times, and won the match. Besides the two chief factors in the scoring a lot of credit should go to the Services forwards for their determination and staying power.

"LINE-OUT."



MISS MARY CASSON

Janet Jevons

The fifteen-year-old daughter of Miss Sybil Thorndike (Mrs. Lewis Casson), who is playing the part of the Quaker Girl in "Charles and Mary," the Charles Lamb play at the Globe. She has been Wendy for three successive years in "Peter Pan," and was in the "Dear Brutus" revival last autumn.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS—cont.

dress. In the days before the War, when confetti was allowed the streets were gay with pierrots and pierrettes, clowns, harlequins, and dominoes . . . now even the students in the Latin Quarter are apathetic. That confetti is unhygienic I have no doubt, but I sometimes wonder whether it is not better for the crowd to be happy rather than merely hygienic.

The custom of making pancakes happily endures, at all events on Mardi Gras. Not the somewhat thick and stodgily tepid article that I remember as belonging to my childhood, but wafer-like, delicately crisp little rounds, served piping hot, and powdered with sugar, or the more complicated crêpe Suzette with its lusciously fiery sauce of curaçao and melted butter, the jo-jo that is stuffed with whipped cream and accompanied with hot melted chocolate, aux Amandes powdered with finely-chopped almonds . . . The ways of "accommodating" pancakes in this country are infinite, and I love them all though I feel a certain amount of reserve towards the pancakes "à l'Paris"; this, however, is merely because I have always loathed the flavour of aniseed . . . and this reminds me that I have received a new cookery book by the very famous culinary expert, M. X. Marcel Boulestin, "Herbs, Salads, and Seasonings," of which I shall discourse next week.—PRISCILLA.



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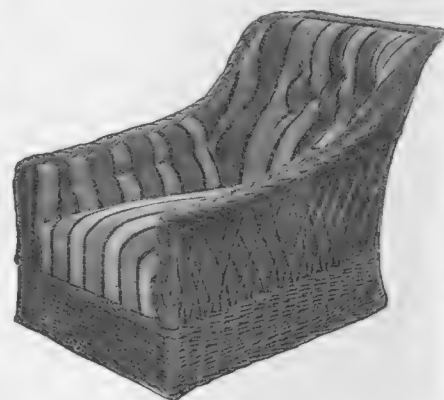
Topics of Varied Interest

Another Interesting Exhibit.

Another interesting exhibit at the Ideal Home Exhibition is the Minty Oxford Sectional Bookcase, whose London showrooms are 123, Victoria Street, S.W. In order that their display may be easily found it must be stated that their stand on the ground floor is No. 8, the other being No. 236 in the New Hall Galleries. A few words must be said about the Minty chair as it is of exalted merit. It is the ideal lounge, and everything about it is just right. Its low, long seat takes the weight of the entire body, and permits of a semi-reclining posture in which every limb is invited to complete relaxation. The head rests naturally and without strain. The arms are fully supported on rests which are of ideal length and height. It is beautifully proportioned, and harmonizes to perfection with the general scheme of decoration of whatever kind. Then of course everyone must make a point of seeing the sectional bookcases; they are made of various woods, hence they may be chosen to harmonize with the decorative scheme of any room. Illustrations of these will be found in the catalogue.

An Important Event.

Greensmith Downes and Co., the well-known Edinburgh firm, are showing the newest ideas in town and country clothes at the Dean Hotel, Oxford Street, W., this week, and extend a cordial invitation to readers of this paper to view their specialities. They are the manufacturers of the well-known Alba knit wear.



A MINTY CHAIR

Nell Gwynn Decorative Candles.

Everyone who visits the Ideal Home Exhibition must make a point of seeing the display of the Nell Gwynn decorative candles; they are arranged against a background of black velvet, which is an ideal foil for their lovely colourings. Even the most ordinary room gains something of romance when lit by Nell Gwynn candles. The light is soft and kindly to skin, eyes, and hair, and very soothing to tired eyes. There are Nell Gwynn candles to go with every type of room.

Some have lovely floral designs for the drawing-room, others are twisted to suit old types of furniture. Their colours are not ephemeral, for they are solid-dyed, not surface-tinted. There is likewise an artistic display of Our Nell toilet soap.

A Special Service

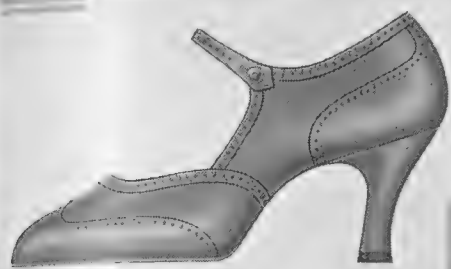
Nicoll's of Regent Street, in addition to tailoring, for which they have always been noted, have recently added many departments which have hitherto existed only in the sense of a special service for the convenience of customers. The departments now comprise: For men—Sections for made-to-measure, ready-to-wear, outfitting service (underwear, hats, boots, pyjamas, sundries, and trunks), tropical kit. For ladies—In addition to the above, departments for out-sizes, leather coats, etc. This firm have clothed many generations, used the first sewing machine, and have craftsmen who remember the days when ladies were laced into their dresses.

Adam's Polish.

It is at Stand 295 in the New Hall Galleries that Adam's polish may be seen. To-day it is as popular as ever. Made from the very same one-hundred-year-old formula (of the very finest ingredients procurable), it is really amazing how far a little quantity goes. Very little "elbow-grease" is required to obtain really glass-like floors and furniture. As a tribute to its fine keeping qualities and goodness of ingredients, the makers state that they recently opened a bottle of the furniture polish which had been made and sealed in 1895. It was in perfect condition as though just made, and the polishing qualities were totally unimpaired! It is sold in 1s. outfits containing one bottle furniture polish, one tin floor polish, one duster, and fifteen-page book of polishing hints.



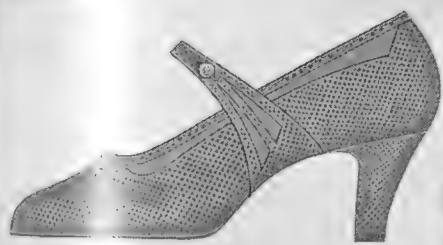
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"Trotteur"



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"Rassena"

"TROTTEUR"—Brown glaze kid strap shoe, lightly brogue - - 45/-

"ST. GERMAIN"—Brown suede and tan willow calf court shoe, welted, leather heel, 50/-

"RASSENA"—Tan Karung strap shoe—trimmed with brown glaze kid - - - 65/-

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"Anita"

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There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

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Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors. 10/6

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nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

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Antiseptic Electrolysis is done in the Adair Salons by experts only. Roots of superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, purl spots, etc., removed without marking the skin.

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Weddings and Engagements

April Weddings.

April 8 is the date that has been arranged for the marriage of Mr. Clive Morris to Miss Gladys Lewis, which will take place in New York; Mr. Dominick A. S. Browne of Breaghwy, Co. Mayo, is marrying Miss Iris Deane on the 24th at Winchester Cathedral; and on the 30th there is the wedding between Mr. John FitzAdam-Ormiston and Miss Joyce Gold, which is to be at St. Margaret's, Westminster.



MISS BARBARA GREEN

Hay Wrightson

Who is to marry Mr. Ernest Taylor Williamson, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald B. Green of Stonecrop, Walton-on-the-Hill

Recent Engagements.

Dr. Walter Playfair of Nairobi, Kenya, and Miss Lorna Edmonds, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Arnold Edmonds of Glen Lorne, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia; Mr. Godfrey Henry Stebbing Du Pontet, the only son of Mr. Clement Du Pontet of Townings, Wivelsfield, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Du Pontet, and Miss Phoebe Beatrice Stebbing, eldest daughter of the late Mr. G. A. Stebbing and of Mrs. Stebbing of Staplefield Grange, Staplefield, Sussex; Mr. Arthur Bailey Ruck, Royal Signals, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ruck,

and Miss Florence Dumaresq De Lisle, the only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. G. de S. De Lisle of The Old Rectory, Guernsey; Mr. Philip Yeoman, elder son of the late Mr. Harry Yeoman and Mrs. Yeoman of Brompton, Northallerton, and Miss Helen Coltart, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde B. Coltart of Marna, Chester, and The Fechan, Llangollen; Captain Clifford Scott-Hopkins of Low Hall, Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire, and Miss Marjorie Elizabeth (Betty) Devas, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Devas of Burvile House, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames; Mr. Augustus John Elliot, 3-2 Punjab Regiment (late of the Highland Light Infantry), only son of the late Mr. A. C. Elliot and Mrs. Elliot of Behar, India, and Holybourne, Hants, and Miss Theodora Dorothy Harvey, eldest daughter of Engineer-Commander T. G. J. Harvey, R.I.M., and Mrs. Harvey of Bombay; Captain Alan Austin Curry, R.A.S.C., Sudan Defence Force, Khartum, and Miss Sybil Mary Ashworth of 3, Cork Street, W.; Major Rudolf William Galloway, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., of Ambala, the son of Dr. Alexander Rudolf Galloway, O.B.E., of 550, Union Street, Aberdeen, Scotland, and Miss Lois Mary Kerr Leaning, the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. Leaning, D.S.O., R.A.V.C., and Mrs. Leaning of Ambala.



MISS HONOR WYATT

Foulsham & Boulton

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wyatt of Elm Park House, Chelsea, and of Monte Carlo, whose engagement was announced to Mr. Gordon Glover recently

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
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NEW SPRING TEA FROCKS OF DAINTY DESIGN

Tea Frock Salon, Second Floor

Lovely Chiffon Tea Frock with deep cape at back narrowing in front and joined to neck line. The band at end of skirt and cape is in a deeper shade to tone. Finished with attractive belt at waist-line. In two shades of Green, Amber, and Sapphire.

PRICE

10½ Gns.

Other colours made to order.



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with nothing spared



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MISS ISABEL JEANS,

who is playing a leading part in "The Man in Possession" at the Ambassadors Theatre, writes:—

"IMAGINARY experiences—thrilling, poignant, tragic—enacted on the stage occasion just as much nerve strain and bodily fatigue as if they actually happen to oneself, and I always find Phosferine Brand Tonic the best preventive against all disabilities. Phosferine Tonic enables me to begin and end the day feeling as well as I could wish—just sufficiently fresh and vigorous to look forward to the pleasure I get out of my work, and the healthy enjoyment which recreation now yields me."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

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Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—It Tones as it Cleanses!

Aldwych

Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, appeal for a married woman, aged 60, who has had a terrible struggle during the past twenty years. Her husband served in the South African War, was wounded in the spine, and since that time has been mentally deficient. He is quite harmless, does the shopping, takes strolls round about, and is entirely under his wife's control, unless he is threatened with removal to an asylum, when he immediately becomes miserable and violent; so she keeps him at home, but of course he can earn nothing. For many years she ran boarding houses,



"THE ISLE OF JERSEY"

One of the new Southern Railway steamers on the Southampton—Channel Islands service. She is a twin-screw oil-burner of 2,143 tons, and a most excellent boat in a sea



THE LADIES' LOUNGE IN "THE ISLE OF JERSEY"

A most comfortable place in all kinds of Channel weather. These new ships are 306 ft. over all, and have a 42 ft. beam

but now she has developed rheumatoid arthritis, and is no longer active. Selling their furniture they have removed into one little room in outer London. There they are trying to exist on £1 weekly allowed them by the guardians, but it is utter poverty, and they lack good food and warmth; this is especially hard for the crippled wife. In four months' time they

should be able to manage, as they will get 10s. weekly from the sale of the house when the proceedings are wound up. Meanwhile we appeal for enough to pay their rent of 7s. weekly. Please let us have £10?

A National Sunday League all-star matinee in aid of the Pyrford Hospital for Crippled Children and the Women's Guild of Empire, will be held at the Palladium Theatre on March 23 at 2.45 p.m. Among those who have kindly promised their help are Mr. T. C. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Teddy Brown, Miss Marie Burke, Mr. Lupino Lane, Miss Peggy Wood, Miss Lillian Davison, and Miss Carrie Tubb, while Miss Dorothy Seacombe and Mr. John Stuart will appear in a sketch. Tickets, which cost from 1s. 10d. to 10s. 6d. can be obtained from the Box Office, Palladium Theatre.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to the Kinmel School, the new residential public school, which provides a course of study which will enable boys to proceed directly to commercial, industrial, or agricultural posts. It also prepares them for entry to the Universities, and provision is also made for those whose life-work will lie in the Dominions or the Colonies. The school is situated near Abergele and Rhyl railway stations, and London can be reached in less than five hours. The situation is unique, overlooking the famous Vale of Clwyd; the climate is very mild and sunny without being at all relaxing. The staff of the school consists of University graduates of high academic attainments, specialists in their subjects, with successful experience.



THE PYE RADIO WORKS, CAMBRIDGE

One of the big workrooms in the Pye Radio Factory at Cambridge, an exclusively British company which has made tremendous progress. Five years ago the sales to the public of Pye Radio receiving sets amounted to £10,000. During the current twelve months the sales have totalled over £1,000,000. One year ago the floor area of the factory was 29,500 sq. ft. It is now 75,000 sq. ft., which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the area of twelve months ago.

P&O CRUISES



A Delightful Spring Holiday

The Cruise of the s.s. Rawalpindi from London on May 8 offers a widely varied survey from end to end of the Mediterranean. Visits will be made to Athens, Rhodes, Cyprus, the Holy Land, Egypt, Malta, &c., and the cruise will afford a delightful spring holiday, for, at this season, climatic conditions should be perfect. The ship is luxuriously furnished and most efficiently staffed to ensure for passengers of all ages the maximum of pleasure and comfort. The cruise will occupy 26 days, ending in London on June 4. Fares from 50 guineas. Descriptive picture handbook on application as below

Cruises by the new turbo-electric s.s. VICEROY OF INDIA, 19,700 tons.
MAY 30—SPAIN, ALGERIA, MOROCCO. 14 days; from 25 guineas.

JUNE 14—SPAIN, MONTE CARLO, CORSICA. 13 days; from 24 guineas.

JUNE 28—SPAIN, MONTE CARLO, ALGERIA. 13 days; from 24 guineas.

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End sore throat and colds with this safe antiseptic



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SIR ARCHIBALD RITCHIEBRIGADIER-GENERAL A. J.
McCULLOCHMISS JARVIS, COLONEL JARVIS, AND
MAJOR CLIFTON

Some other snapshots of people who were at the Highland Brigade Point-to-Point at Brabourne, near Ashford, Kent, appear on p. 509. Major-General Sir Archibald Ritchie, K.B.E., commanded the 51st Highland Division from 1923 to 1927, and he had a division in the Great War. Brigadier-General McCulloch, who commands the 2nd Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, got a baddish fall when riding Priam II. in the Highland Brigade race.

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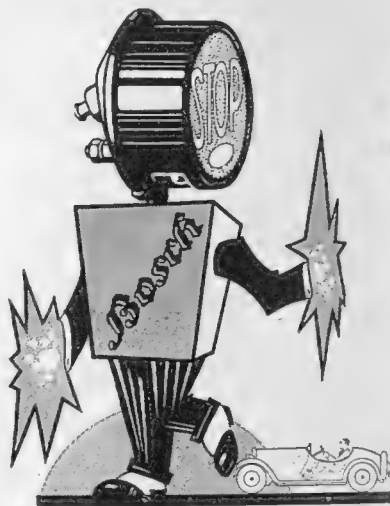
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singing to the
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still sing?*

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"Tatler"

*It would interest you to
visit Aeolian Hall and
witness a demonstration
of the 'Pianola' Piano as
a solo instrument and for
song accompaniment.*

OR have you dropped it because of the difficulty of finding an accompanist? That's another reason for getting that 'Pianola' Piano. Song accompaniment on the 'Pianola' is one of the most delightful pleasures of the 'Pianolist's' art. The 'Pianola' Piano affords the easiest method of learning new songs and provides the simplest and most perfect accompaniment for old favourites, and, remember, it is all the time a perfect piano for playing by hand.

THE NEW
PIANOLA' PIANO
enables you not only to play all music
but to interpret it with personal artistry.

A genuine 'Pianola' Piano now costs no more than an ordinary good upright piano. Any model, Upright or Grand, Steinway, Weber, Steck or the popular Farrand, can be purchased for a small down payment, and the balance in convenient monthly instalments. If you already have a piano, purchase is easier still, as our widespread trade in re-conditioned second-hand pianos enables us to allow generous exchange terms.

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The Banking Year

The Westminster Bank.

The Westminster Bank is historically of great interest, for it was, apart from the Bank of England, the first joint-stock bank to be established in London (just on a hundred years ago), and is the only one of the "big five" to have started its career in London. Its story is, in fact, an epitome of the history of English joint stock banking, and its genesis was a direct result of the disastrous panic and collapse of small country banks in 1825. Through the amalgamation movement at the beginning of the present century it retained its identity in a marked degree, and within its corpus is now included the old London and Westminster, the London and County, Parr's Bank, and many of the important provincial banks such as Becketts, Stuckeys, and the Nottingham and Notts. The bank now operates through over a thousand branches.

The National Provincial Bank, Ltd.

The annual general meeting of the National Provincial Bank, Ltd., was held on Thursday, January 30, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C. Sir Harry Goschen, Bart., K.B.E. (the chairman), referring first to the fact that the board had appointed two new directors, said that it had given them much pleasure to express in this way some public proof of the appreciation they entertained for the valuable services which Sir Alfred Lewis had rendered with such success to the bank as joint general manager and chief general manager for many years. In electing Captain Evan Cadogan Eric Smith to a seat on the board they were glad thus officially to retain their connection with one of the oldest and most respected firms of bankers in the country. The accounts showed the total of the bank's paid-up capital and reserves at £19,808,086. Deposits and other accounts, at £278,540,937, showed a decrease, in common with most other banks, from the abnormally high figure at which they stood in the previous balance sheet. Advances stood at £156,000,000, an increase of £6,000,000, which clearly demonstrated that the bank had again made every effort to meet the requirements of its customers, thus enabling them, in many cases, to keep their works running and avoid further unemployment. The balance of net profit amounted to £2,189,704, comparing with £2,108,663 a year ago, and the directors again recommended a final dividend at the rate of 18 per cent. per annum for the half year, carrying forward £849,254. Such a satisfactory result, produced during a period of most extraordinary difficulty, could only have been achieved by watchful control of their resources and careful management of their business. Unfortunate occurrences in the business world, both at home and abroad, had played their part in keeping the nerves of the commercial community in a high state of strain, and in restricting the enterprise and expansion of trade which might otherwise have taken place. The fact that during the past twelve months there had been no prolonged or important trade disputes involving protracted stoppages of work had been of material value, and the better understanding between employers and employed which appeared to be slowly but surely permeating the country had been an important factor in the improved results achieved in some of our important industries.

The Midland Bank, Limited.

The following announcement is included in the report of the directors of the Midland Bank, Limited, for the year ended December 31, 1929: "This bank of £1 fully paid at the price of £2 per share, in the proportion of one new share for every £20 of paid-up capital, the premium of £1 per share to be credited to the reserve fund. The intention is to allot the new shares provisionally to shareholders who are on the register on February 28, 1930. Allotment letters will be posted early in April. Any shareholder not wishing to accept the allotment may sell the same in the market after filling up the form of renunciation which will be contained in each allotment letter. A cash held by them." The audited balance sheet made up on December 31, 1929, compares as follows with the position shown by the bank on December 31, 1927 and 1928: Liabilities—Capital paid up on December 31, 1927, £12,665,798; on December 31, 1928, £13,432,968; on December 31, 1929, £13,432,968. Reserve fund in 1927, £12,665,798; in 1928, £13,432,968; in 1929, £13,432,968. Assets—Coin, bank notes, and balances with Bank of England in 1927, £49,763,778; in 1928, £45,440,918; in 1929, £46,918,243. Capital, reserve, and undivided profits of Belfast Banking Company, Ltd., the Clydesdale Bank, Ltd., North of Scotland Bank, Ltd., Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company, Ltd., £6,666,489 in 1927; £6,911,328 in 1928; and in 1929, £7,121,665.

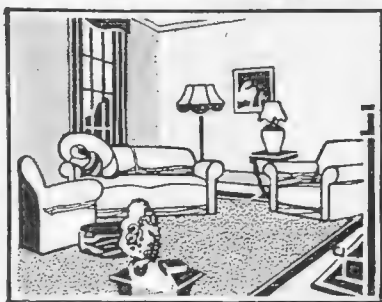
Lloyds Bank.

Lloyds Bank, Ltd., one of the best known in the United Kingdom, and the representative of some of the oldest private banks in the country, was established in Birmingham as a joint-stock bank in 1865 by the amalgamation of Messrs. Lloyds and Co. (established in 1765) and Messrs. Moilliet and Sons. This arrangement was a direct outcome of the passing of the Limited Liability Act of 1862. The two firms which were the foundation of the new business had a high reputation, and the prospectus which was issued met with a ready response from the public. Thus Lloyds Banking Company, Ltd., as it was then called, came into existence, and its importance was increased some few months after its formation by the addition of the business of the private banking firm of Messrs. P. and H. Williams of Wednesbury. The growth of the bank can perhaps best be shown by quoting the following figures: At the end of 1865 the offices of the bank numbered fourteen, its staff fifty, and its shareholders 865; the authorised capital was £2,000,000, the amount paid-up £143,415, and the reserve fund £18,415. The deposits amounted to £1,166,000, advances to customers to £556,000, and the total of the balance sheet to just over £1,346,000. To-day the bank has over 1,800 offices, its staff number over 12,000, and the shareholders about 65,000. The authorised capital is £74,000,000, the paid-up capital is £15,810,252, and the reserve fund £10,000,000. Deposits amount to £353,145,981, advances to customers to £191,752,253, and the total of the balance sheet to £431,182,518.

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Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon

doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If cause you'll be for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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Whilst the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the germs are not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

“Vapex” succeeds because it attacks both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the “Vapex” vapour from your handkerchief—

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries a powerfully active germicide right into the breeding places of the germs.

Treated in this way your cold must disappear.

You can definitely feel the first part of the “Vapex” activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is destroying the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep “Vapex” in the house so that you can fly to it at the first sign of a cold—that “stuffiness” which means that the germs are multiplying. Search them out before they can multiply dangerously.

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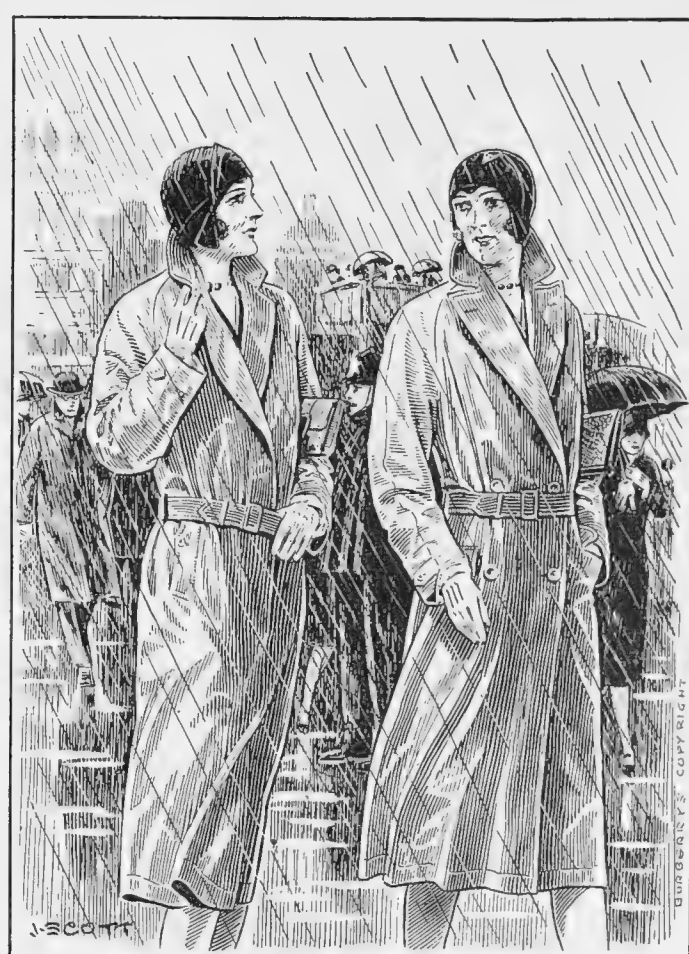
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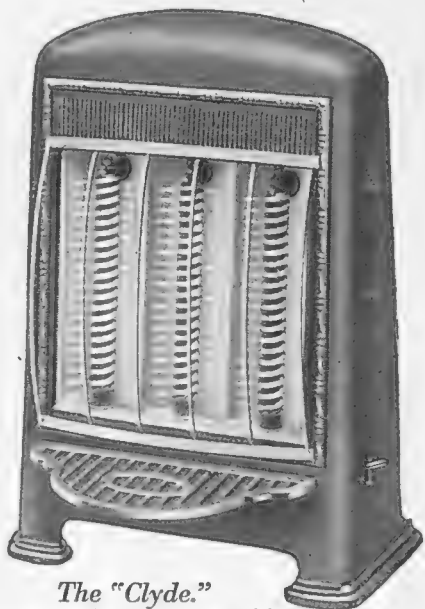
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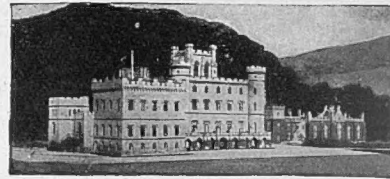
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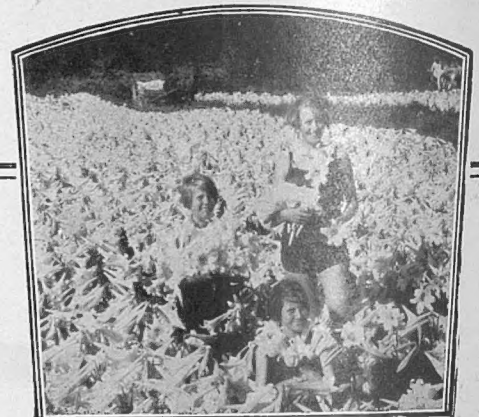
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